East-West Trade—*Eric Josephson*

THE Nation

April 19, 1952

SPRING BOOK NUMBER

Ickes: An American Legend

BY RUTH GRUBER

Edmund Wilson
a memoir of
Edna St. Vincent Millay

APR 21 1952

Johnson City, Tennessee

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AROUND THE U. S. A.

A Three-Point Program

Cleveland

SOME 2,500 delegates assembled in Cleveland, April 3-6, for the Fifth International Education Conference of the United Auto Workers. The theme of this year's conference—"Freedom, Abundance, Security"—was sounded in Walter Reuther's keynote address. "We have to find a way," he said, "to mobilize our great productive power, the tremendous material resources that we possess in America, and gear these things to the needs of the people; to translate our technical progress into human happiness, into human dignity. That is the unfinished work that lies ahead."

An array of distinguished speakers tackled the key issues of the conference. Leon Keyserling developed the thesis that peace and prosperity are dependent upon a constantly expanding production accompanied by a wider and more equitable distribution of income. The objective, he suggested, should be not to provide equality of wealth but equality of opportunity through the removal of the disparities which now exist. As for the defense effort, Keyserling contended that those who are now clamoring for curtailment of production because our economy is strong are the same groups which in the early thirties clamored for restriction of production because the economy was weak. Production, in his view, could be increased another 6 to 10 per cent, which would more than offset the defense budget, and this added productive capacity, converted to peace-time production, could be used to create an unprecedented prosperity.

Walter White of the N. A. A. C. P. and Zechariah Chafee, Jr., spoke on "Civil Rights—Human Liberties." White received considerable applause when he charged Senator Robert A. Taft and Senator Richard Russell with responsibility for defeating civil-rights legislation in Congress and when he said that if the Democrats nominate either Russell or Senator Kerr, the party might just as well "kiss the Negro vote goodbye." In a strong speech, Chafee deplored the "gradual erosion of human rights," the glorification of spies and informers, and the "development of an American Party, deviations from which are regarded as disloyalty." "I am not saying all this is illegal," he added. "Everything Charles I did was strictly legal but he lost his head. I say it is time to look back and see how many steps we have taken away from freedom and ask, 'Is it necessary to abandon so much freedom?'"

On the "morals and responsibilities" of Congress—a timely topic—the delegates heard from Senators Wayne Morse, Hubert Humphrey, and William Benton. Morse urged adoption of a national Presidential primary and discussed a bill which he has introduced requiring Senators to make public reports on the sources of their income. "Any man who wants to be a Senator," he said, "should expect to live in a fishbowl." Senator Humphrey had some unkind words for the Dixiecrats, "who use the cloak of white supremacy to conceal the dagger they would plunge into the back of progress." Senator Benton lashed out against "the disgraceful spectacle of unlimited and irrelevant debate" and urged enactment of the Lehman resolution (SR 205) under which, in case of grave emergency, two-thirds of the Senators present and voting might limit debate. All three Senators blasted McCarthyism. Benton was particularly effective in pointing out the impact of McCarthyism in Europe, where the people still retain vivid recollections of Mussolini and Hitler. Wherever he had traveled in Europe, he had been asked: Will McCarthy take over in America? "You can be certain," he said, "that McCarthy is much better known in Europe than Robert A. Taft."

Willard E. Goslin, who was forced to resign as Superintendent of Schools in Pasadena, and Arthur Schlesinger cautioned vigilance against those who attack the public schools on the familiar grounds that the schools are teaching "socialism" and substituting various "frills" for the old-fashioned "three R's." Both agreed that these attacks are not directed at specific evils but are part of a subtle assault on the public-school system.

This being an educational conference, no action was taken by delegates on political issues, but politics echoed in the corridors. There was considerable talk for Justice William O. Douglas, Senator Estes Kefauver, and Governor Adlai Stevenson. Senator Kefauver, in Cleveland during the conference, visited the last session and lost little time introducing himself to delegates in the lobby. Later he joined Reuther on the platform. Leonard Woodcock, a member of the executive board, voiced the union's disapproval of a strictly labor party. Labor already has the means, he said, to exercise its political responsibilities within the framework of the existing parties. "We will get nowhere," he said, "chasing down the primrose path to some Utopian dream of a third party."

As I sat through the sessions of the conference, I kept thinking of a day in 1930. On that day I walked through Cleveland's Public Square and saw it packed with hundreds of unemployed workers milling about in hopeless frustration and despair, unorganized and leaderless. By contrast this conference showed careful organization and able leadership. The delegates impressed one as being the kind of people who demand good leadership. There was no demagoguery. No threats were voiced. There was no chest-thumping. Everything about the conference showed patient preparation, painstaking research, careful planning. The delegates had obviously come to Cleveland to learn something about the issues being discussed and their close attention to the proceedings reflected favorably on the care with which the conference had been planned.

On the subject of peace, Reuther said: "Either we find a way to mobilize the will and the power and the resources of the world and dedicate them to the human needs of people in peace-time or they will be geared to making the weapons of war and destruction. . . . In the kind of world in which we live, freedom and justice and peace cannot live side by side with great poverty. We found in World War I that peace is indivisible. We found in World War II that freedom is indivisible. If we are to avoid a third world war, we must understand that the question of economic well-being within the framework of basic human needs of people everywhere is also indivisible."

HERSCHEL G. HOLLAND

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 174 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • APRIL 19, 1952 NUMBER 16

The Shape of Things

CHURCHILL'S GOVERNMENT IS IN SERIOUS trouble. Judging by Labor's striking gains in the County Council elections, the public is already regretting its verdict of last October with a degree of warmth that could melt the Tory majority in the event of new Parliamentary elections. Churchill is also having difficulties with the rank and file of his own party. One group feels that the government's proposals for advance army purchases will do little to ameliorate the textile slump and are pressing for drastic revision or abolition of the purchase tax on textiles. A still more powerful right-wing section, restive because the Cabinet has as yet taken no steps to implement its pledge to denationalize steel, has hardly been soothed by the Prime Minister's promise that a bill will be "initiated" this year. Finally, the government is under heavy fire from its moneyed supporters, backed by such powerful voices as the *Times,* the *Daily Telegraph,* and the *Economist,* which are furiously opposed to the new excess-profits levy. In these circumstances, Churchill may find some compensation in the ill-wind of the local elections which serve as a warning to dissident Tories to close ranks and postpone a general election as long as possible. The swing to Labor is too pronounced to be explained as a normal reaction. Labor reestablished its ascendancy in London with a thumping majority and polled astonishingly well in the suburbs where the Tories had made important gains in the last two general elections. It captured Lancashire, most conservative of the industrial areas, and won numerous victories in the politically backward rural areas. There can be no doubt that the voters were protesting broken Tory promises. That suggests to the *New Statesman and Nation* that the results also spell danger to Labor—a danger of return to office by "an angry electorate before it has ironed out its own divisions or decided on a program."

*

THE RECENT DECISION IN DELAWARE BY Judge Collins J. Seitz ordering the admission of Negro students to non-segregated elementary and high schools has been characterized by Thurgood Marshall, special counsel of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, as "the first real victory" in the campaign to abolish segregated public schools. After hearing much expert testimony, Judge Seitz found that segregation often leads to lack of interest and extensive absenteeism on the part of Negro children, as well as "a mental health problem . . . with a resulting impediment to their educational progress." The decision, however, actually turned on a finding that the white schools had "such an obvious superiority" to the Negro schools "as to be depressing." Rejecting Delaware's promise to equalize facilities through a building program, Judge Seitz ordered the education authorities to admit Negro students immediately to non-segregated schools. The decision will make it extremely difficult for the Supreme Court to dodge the central issue of segregation when the court passes, for the second time, on the Clarendon County, South Carolina, case soon to be heard together with similar cases from Topeka, Kansas, and Prince Edward County, Virginia.

*

IF THE SOVIET ECONOMIC CONFERENCE WAS deliberately arranged to coincide with the spring peace offensive, it was a neat bit of timing. But even the master planners of the Kremlin could hardly have figured on the added coincidence of a world textile slump; this was sheer luck. It injected a note of urgency into deliberations that otherwise might have been more concerned with the broad issues of East-West trade than with concrete orders and agreements. As it was, the conference produced a total of some $200,000,000 in contracts, according to Harrison E. Salisbury's report in the New York *Times,* with British business men alone departing with orders valued at $48,000,000—or twice that on a two-way basis. But if the eagerness shown by Western visitors was stimulated by the emergency in textiles—a commodity in which Russia had previously shown little interest—it also reflected a widespread desire to break through the cold-war controls and embargoes that have strangled world trade and to reduce their economic dependence on the United States. The over-all effect of these barriers is discussed by Eric Josephson on page 366 of this issue. That Moscow has done its full share in using trade restrictions as cold-war weapons, did not diminish the effect of last week's performance. On the contrary, the businesslike procedure at Moscow suggested that the Russians might now be prepared to "substitute action for words," as Washington has so often advised, while the absence of American business men equally

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The Nation, published weekly and copyright, 1952, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas.

Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $7; Two years $12; Three years $17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

symbolized this country's intransigent attitude. The State Department could have avoided this role very simply. Since the Moscow conference purported to be a non-government affair, Mr. Acheson could have washed his hands of it, as other Western nations did, permitting Americans to attend in their private capacity if they pleased. By warning them off he made their absence an official gesture of repudiation, thus handing Moscow full credit for a concrete, popular step in the direction of easier East-West relations. This seems to us unfortunate from every point of view including, ironically, that of cold-war tactics.

*

LAST SUMMER THE ISRAELI GOVERNMENT circulated among the Big Four powers a bill for material claims against Germany arising out of the Nazi persecution of Jewry. Though not directly addressed, the Bonn government announced its readiness to negotiate the matter directly with representatives of Israel and of the Jewish people. To most Jews the idea of direct negotiations with Germans was repugnant; the crematories of Auschwitz and Dachau were still operating only a little more than seven years ago. Many doubted German sincerity, feeling that nothing would come of the talks except good-will propaganda for the Germans. But the Israeli government and leaders of Jewish communities outside Israel felt that the best tribute they could pay to the dead victims of Nazism was to achieve something for the living: any sum received from the Germans would be spent chiefly on housing and other necessities for newcomers to Israel. So negotiations started a few weeks ago at The Hague. It must be said that certain aspects of the German approach to the talks have justified the fears of those who have steadfastly opposed direct negotiation. The Bonn delegates announced from the first that any settlement with the Jews must be scaled down in accordance with whatever agreements are made at the Conference on German Debts in London, where other Bonn delegates are discussing commercial debts with international bankers. That the Germans should take such an attitude will surprise few. But it is to be hoped that by the time The Hague talks (now in recess) resume early in June, the Western capitals will remind the Germans that obligations due on a 3-per-cent bank loan are not to be equated with those arising out of the murder and plunder of a people.

*

SENATOR MORSE'S PROPOSAL LAST SUMMER to investigate the China Lobby and the investigation of Senator Benton's charges against McCarthy—stalled these many months—moved a little nearer realization last week. The Senate's 60-to-0 vote of confidence in the subcommittee looking into Senator Benton's charges was not only a stunning rebuke to McCarthy but a clear directive to the subcommittee to proceed with its work. After

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a phony last-minute attack on Senator Benton, McCarthy ran out on the debate, so he didn't hear the scathing denunciations of his conduct by Senators Smith, Hendrickson, Moody, McFarland, and Humphrey. Joe's bag of tricks is now almost empty and his colleagues, by acting jointly, have finally found the courage to say what they think about him. The proposal to investigate the China Lobby was edged several notches forward by Senator Morse's introduction into the *Congressional Record* of a series of messages sent from the Chinese Embassy to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. For nearly a year, now, a committee of the Senate has been examining Owen Lattimore's "influence" on State Department policy in the Far East. But the messages presented by Senator Morse indicate who has really been influencing the State Department. According to these messages, Representative Walter Judd and Senator William Knowland have acted as "unregistered" advisers to the Chinese Embassy on ways and means of influencing American policy. The new documents, read in the context of the *Reporter's* excellent articles on the China Lobby (April 15), fully justify Senator Morse's statement of the pressing need for a reappraisal of our Far Eastern policy. Should the Senate push both investigations, the prime condition for such a reappraisal will have been realized, namely, an exposé of the China Lobby and its tie-in with McCarthyism.

*

THE REFUSAL TO ACCEPT NON-CAUCASIANS as neighbors is usually justified by reference to the myth that the presence of such "invaders" necessarily depresses property values, regardless of other factors. Luigi Laurenti, of the Bureau of Business and Economic Research of the University of California, has just completed a study which suggests that real-estate values in mixed neighborhoods fluctuate in response to general economic pressures and that property values bear little relation to the racial composition of the inhabitants. Of nine neighborhoods included in this study two were almost adjoining. Six Negro families have moved into one of these neighborhoods since February 1, 1950; the other remained all white. The presence of Negro families in the one neighborhood, however, has not depressed property values; on the contrary, values have increased in both neighborhoods. Even if these findings had been available they would probably not have been accepted by the irate property-owners who snubbed a young Chinese family in the Southwood area of South San Francisco in February, or by the residents of the Rollingwood tract in San Pablo who recently stoned a Negro family that had "invaded" the area. Nevertheless, the accumulation of such findings will weaken the coercive effect of the myth that the presence of non-Caucasian "invaders" depresses property values in residential neighborhoods.

REPRESENTATIVE RICHARD VAIL OF ILLINOIS has asked the House to investigate the fitness of Judge Leon Yankwich to retain his federal district judgeship in Los Angeles. Five years ago Judge Yankwich presided at the trial in which a jury returned a verdict in favor of Lester Cole, one of the Hollywood "ten," in a breach-of-contract suit against Loew-M-G-M, his former employer. The judgment was reversed on appeal, but the case was finally settled out of court. The basis for the attack on Judge Yankwich is that he chose to "interpret the law and evidence in diametric opposition to the national interest." The notion that a suit for breach of contract should be determined by the way in which a judge appraises the impact of a jury's verdict on "the national interest" is strikingly reminiscent of Adolf Hitler's peculiar views on the function and responsibilities of the judiciary. Under American law it is possible to reverse a judge if he commits an error, to disqualify him if he is prejudiced, or to impeach him if he is corrupt. But Representative Vail would like to add to these remedies by making it possible to investigate judges—and why not jurors?—who decide cases in a manner that the House Committee on Un-American Activities does not regard as furthering the national interest. Any attempt to conduct the investigation should be accompanied by a demand that Mr. Vail disclose just who it was that prompted him to make this attack on Judge Yankwich five years after the trial of the Cole case.

*

THE MONTH-LONG HEARINGS WHICH REAR Admiral Francis C. Denebrink has been conducting in Hawaii on conditions aboard the U. S. S. *Reclaimer,* an auxiliary repair and salvage ship, have finally come to a close. The investigation was ordered after seventy enlisted crewmen, and two newspaper reporters, had complained that the skipper, Lt. Marion C. Kirkpatrick, was a petty tyrant who crushed morale and violated navy regulations. From these complaints it would appear that the *Reclaimer*—dubbed "U. S. S. Ridiculous" by the crew—was rather like the ship described in "The Caine Mutiny." The case is important not only because of the gravity of the charges but because of the manner in which the navy has conducted the inquiry. The investigators seem to have been more interested in finding out who made the charges, and how, than in investigating conditions aboard the ship. Closed to the press, the hearings were conducted in a "hush-hush" atmosphere despite a recent directive from the Secretary of the Navy enjoining officers and their spokesmen to "give frank, honest answers to questions from newspapers and wire services" and to "tell the truth, even when the truth hurts." If the navy wants to inspire confidence in its investigations, it should carry out the spirit of Secretary Kimball's directive by stopping the practice of excluding the press.

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Steel and Stabilization

SPRING has brought a sudden blossoming of strikes and industrial controversies—in steel, in oil, in communications. Putting aside for the moment the question of the President's "right" to seize the steel industry, the undeniable fact behind the disputes is that a substantial part of organized labor is fed up with the stabilization program.

There are three basic reasons. First, the Administration's delay in imposing economic controls in the summer and autumn of 1950 allowed speculative price jumps that cut consumer purchasing power. Second, the price-control laws passed by Congress contained built-in profit guarantees for business men but were otherwise punctured with loopholes. Third, while the Wage Stabilization Board is struggling with a backlog of cases, it has been constantly handicapped by the overt hostility of big industry and its spokesmen in Congress.

Industry spokesmen fought bitterly to cut down the board's sphere of activity even before it was organized. An "emergency" committee, with the Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers cooperating, was formed to persuade Eric Johnston, then Economic Stabilizer, that the wage board should have no jurisdiction over "non-economic" labor disputes. The departed Charles E. Wilson's General Electric Company denounced the record of the earlier War Labor Board for giving too much to labor in wages, union security, and other "non-economic" clauses.

The attitude of the steel companies before and after the W. S. B. recommendation in the current dispute has reflected unrelenting hostility to any wage increase for which the companies could not immediately recover all direct and prospective indirect costs in the form of higher prices.

It should be clearly understood, therefore, that labor unions never have consented and do not now consent to the idea of a wage "freeze." Prices are not frozen; taxes are not frozen. Under these circumstances wages cannot be frozen, nor do the laws of the land require it.

Clarence Randall, president of Inland Steel Company, who was chosen to reply on behalf of the industry to President Truman's steel-seizure speech, asserted that if the W. S. B. recommendations were accepted, steel wages would have been raised above the increase in living costs. That is one way to argue. But another way is disclosed in W. S. B. Chairman Feinsinger's testimony before a Senate Labor subcommittee that, with a cost-of-living escalator clause in their December, 1950, contract, the steelworkers would have been entitled this year to a boost of sixteen cents an hour instead of the average 13.75 cents (in the basic wage) recommended by the board.

Wage stabilization has never been proclaimed as a formula tying wages to living costs as of any particular date. In shipbuilding, pulp and paper, textiles and meatpacking the W. S. B. applied its formula flexibly; in none of these instances did industry resist so bitterly that strikes were called and the President was led to intervene with seizure or other drastic measures.

The steel companies' protests that they should not be compelled to grant "fringe" benefits, such as six paid holidays a year and premium pay for Sundays, serves as a reminder of the long years during which steel protested that it could not operate with less than a twelve-hour day. Long after other industries had accepted the shorter day, the masters of steel had to be appealed to by President Harding to follow suit. Moreover, workers in dozens of industries and literally hundreds of thousands of companies long ago won paid holidays and Sunday overtime pay. Steel lagged in these just as it lagged in instituting the eight-hour day. It has little reason to complain if it is now asked to catch up with the parade.

Adjusting inequities is part of the W. S. B.'s business. Many companies have voluntarily joined unions in asking the board's approval of "fringe" benefits: in the Curtiss-Wright case the board granted longer vacations for veteran employees; to the workers of the American Smelting and Refining Company it granted reclassification of job categories.

Part of the savage attack on the W. S. B. in the steel controversy has been executed through Representative Ralph Gwinn, a propagandist for the Committee for Constitutional Government, who has tried to smear public members of the board as biased because they are financially "beholden" to unions. But George W. Taylor, one of those he mentioned, left the board long ago and had nothing to do with the steel award. Chairman Feinsinger is as much "on the payroll" of industry as of unions, for in private life he arbitrates labor contracts and is paid jointly by management and labor. This is also true of one or two other public members.

The basic issue in stabilization is and always has been prices. If stabilization is destroyed, it will not be because of the W. S. B. proposals in the steel case. It will be because the steel companies, defying the government, succeed in forcing a greater increase in prices than is justified by the Capehart amendment and by their capacity to cover some added costs out of profits.

The Nation's Presidential Poll

THIS is the last call to those who have not yet voted in *The Nation's* Presidential-preference poll. If you missed the issue of April 5 in which the ballot appeared, drop us a postcard now and you will receive a ballot by return mail. Address: Poll Editor, *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y. All ballots postmarked by April 25 will be counted.

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Perón Turns to Torture

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

I AM in possession of a document that reveals better than any published story on Argentina both the rapid deterioration of the Perón regime and its mounting brutality. In general the Latin American dictatorships have preferred to take over from the Franco dictatorship, of which they are the spiritual heirs, everything but its Gestapo methods. It is only when their power is directly weakened that they pass from repression to terror. Even then terror is usually applied only to workers, but the document I have received—which was excluded from the Buenos Aires papers on the express orders of the Presidency—cites acts of torture perpetrated by the government against high-ranking army officers and other leading citizens. All of them had been arrested on suspicion of participation in the attempt to upset the Perón regime last February.

The author of the charges is Dr. Arturo Frondizi, one of the most courageous political leaders in the opposition. In the last general elections he was the candidate for Vice-President of the moderate democratic party, Unión Civica Radical, which polled more than two million votes. Now a deputy, Dr. Frondizi submitted in the Argentine Chamber on March 21 of this year a series of questions to the government which form the basis of the document in my possession.

1. Who ordered the beating and torture with *picana eléctra* (electric goad) of Colonel José Domichelli, and Señores Oscar G. Martinez Zemborain, Alfonso Nuñez Malnero (former member of the staff of *La Prensa*), and other political prisoners who have been held in jail since February 3?

2. Will anyone challenge the names of the police officers who performed these acts of terror and of those others who witnessed them? (The names, given orally, were not included in the document.)

3. Will it be denied that police officers, whose names are known, when ordering the use of the electric goad specified that it should be applied to the most sensitive parts of the body—to the soles of the feet, under the fingernails and to the sexual organs, with further instructions that the victims should be soaked with water so that the pain would be more intense? Or that one of the victims was tortured directly on the penis?

4. Will anyone challenge the list of doctors whose function, during the application of the goad, was to check the pulse of the victim so that the torture could be halted if death seemed imminent?

5. Will it be denied that officers, after blindfolding one of the prisoners and binding him to a table, slashed a vein in his wrist and then put the bleeding hand to his forehead so that he would believe he would bleed to death if he did not give the police the information demanded of him?

Dr. Frondizi concluded his challenge to the Argentine government with these words: "Does the Executive Power not consider that the moment has arrived to put an end to these tortures, since they are methods that violate the rights of man, are repugnant to the moral conscience of our people, and lower the level of civilization of the Argentine Republic?"

I have been informed that within the next few days the Frondizi document will form the basis of a special communication to the United Nations.

The Trieste Boomerang

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Rome, Italy

A FEW days after I arrived here there were several mild police charges in the Piazza Colonna, where the students—Fascists, Monarchists, Communists, everybody—were raising an infernal row over Trieste. The chalk trade must have done a roaring business. On every wall, bus, trolley car and shopwindow were scribbled: *W* (meaning "long live") *Trieste, W Fiume, Tito Go England* (in English), *M* (meaning "death to") *Tito,* with a picture of a pig and the legend: "Pig, don't be offended if we call you Tito."

The trouble started with the riots in Trieste on March 20, the fourth anniversary of the famous Tripartite Declaration by which the Western Big Three promised to do their best to see the Free Territory of Trieste restored to Italy. Whoever conceived that idea in March 1948—and Ernest Bevin is considered the chief culprit—was playing with fire. The Yugoslavs were then on the "other side"; the peace treaty inaugurating the F. T. T. had been signed; but on the appointment of a governor—after which the Allied troops were to withdraw from Trieste—a deadlock had been reached between the West on the one hand and Yugoslavia and Russia on the other. It was then that Sforza started working for revision of the Trieste provisions of the treaty and, benefiting from the West's ferocious anti-Yugoslavism as well as from the fact that a general election was impending in Italy, won the restoration pledge from Washington, London, and Paris.

The Nenni Socialists and Communists, evicted by that time from the government, were quick to point out that this unilateral declaration by only three of the signatories of the peace treaty was strictly illegal; they declared it also to be a double-cross calculated to influence

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ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's *correspondent in Paris, is now visiting in Rome.*

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the election in favor of De Gasperi. It did prove to be an important political factor in the election; and once De Gasperi had won, the West—as the Left had foreseen—promptly forgot all about it. The West's memory failed the more readily inasmuch as the Tito-Soviet quarrel had created the need to keep Tito in just as good humor as the Italians.

Today everybody agrees that the declaration was nothing but an election stunt, for which De Gasperi at the time had every reason to be grateful but which has now, since its virtual repudiation, made things very awkward for him. For one thing is certain: On the question of Trieste there is a deep and genuine national feeling. Trieste *is* an Italian city, and the majority of the population of the F. T. T. *is* Italian; and even the population of Zone B (its southern section, now in Yugoslav hands) used to be predominantly Italian and may even be so still, in the opinion not only of Italians but of many Western diplomats here.

The Nenni Socialists, though not chauvinist, have warned the De Gasperi government that the nationalist frenzy over Fiume after World War I was the real prelude to the establishment of the Fascist regime in Italy; and what Fiume was then, Trieste may be now. Like many others, they consider it insulting to Italian national pride that Zone B should in fact have already been fully annexed by Yugoslavia, while in Zone A (the northern section, including the city of Trieste, which adjoins Italy) Anglo-American troops should be in indefinite occupation. Nor does it help matters that the present negotiations are aimed at admitting a few Italian civilian or military representatives to Trieste as "foreign co-occupiers." The Nenni Socialists, the Communists, and independent liberals like Nitti and Orlando are concerned, above all, with the withdrawal of the Anglo-Americans. The Nenni view is that the peace treaty should be applied, a governor (no matter who) appointed by the United Nations, and the foreign troops withdrawn. After that the "beacon of Italianism" would shine so brightly in the F. T. T. that a territory-wide plebiscite would surely see the area return to Italy.

AS FOR the Yugoslavs, their ethnic case for Zone A—except for a few small enclaves—appears nonexistent. Their case is not very strong even in Zone B, where despite the exodus of a large proportion of the Italians and the ingress of Slovenes, the existence of a Yugoslav majority is still doubtful. But for Tito, Trieste is a matter of prestige and the abandonment of Zone B is out of the question. His recent proposal for a joint Italo-Yugoslav administration, with alternating governors, is considered unrealistic and demagogic by both the Italians and the Anglo-Americans. The conditions which Tito has laid down for a plebiscite are based on the assumption that Italy has changed the city of Trieste's ethnical position by enforced denationalization of the Slovene element. The reality is that enforced denationalization has been much more widespread in Zone B, where evidence is accumulating of genuine Yugoslav terrorism against the Italians.

On the other hand, a general plebiscite for the whole zone is unacceptable to Tito, since the great majority of the population is Italian. With Tito in an uncompromising mood, backed by a Yugoslav parliament which has adopted a resolution against "further concessions," no solution seems to be in sight. Clearly Tito feels himself in a position from which only a strong American push can dislodge him.

But the Americans, as the Italians constantly and regretfully recall, want to maintain good relations with Tito, whose army is more valuable (in the American scheme of things) than the Italian. Moreover, the Anglo-Americans frequently argue that it is impossible to withdraw their troops because the Italians and Yugoslavs can't be trusted not to fight each other. This is a position with which Tito seems to have no quarrel; indeed, he may even prefer the presence of the Anglo-Americans, for so long as they stay in Trieste the transfer of the area to Italy must remain in abeyance. Tito seems to feel that time is on his side; he believes his army will become steadily more important to the Western allies whereas the Italian army will become less so.

Opinion here is divided on whether the De Gasperi government itself encouraged the demonstrations and riots of March 20 in Trieste. Certainly the government needed something to prop up its flagging prestige on the eve of the local elections to be held in May in southern Italy, and the concessions it hoped to get in Zone A were perhaps calculated to improve its chances. But if so, then the government was lagging far behind Italian public opinion. The concessions offered in Zone A are interpreted here, both on the Left and on the Right, as implying a tacit surrender to Yugoslavia for all time of Zone B, and, simultaneously, the perpetuation of the Anglo-American occupation of Trieste.

So all of De Gasperi's opponents are making political capital out of the result. It may be argued that Trieste is not that important to Italy. But mixed up in the Italians' attitude toward it are factors in addition to genuine national feeling. There is the old Fascist dislike of Anthony Eden; strong anti-American and "anti-Atlantic" feeling on the Left and, to some extent, on the Right; and dissatisfaction with De Gasperi—for quite different reasons—by the Vatican. Trieste, moreover, is a peg on which many grievances against the government will be hung, including some with no relation to the problem of Trieste. The whole situation greatly increases the danger of a swing to the extreme Right in Italy, and, consequently, the danger to the present democratic Republic—such as it is.

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Ickes: American Legend

BY RUTH GRUBER

IT IS fitting that a memorial meeting for Harold L. Ickes, who died February 3, should have been scheduled for April 20 on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. It is especially fitting that Marian Anderson should journey to Washington to sing there. It is now thirteen years since that historic Easter Sunday afternoon when Mr. Ickes invited Miss Anderson, barred from the hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to sing before the lonely, brooding figure of the Great Emancipator.

There is no fighter left to fight the way Ickes did. There is no voice today like his.

For me the key to Ickes was that he was an American. In no other country could he have functioned as he did; no other country could have produced him. He was an all-American combination of German, Swedish-Finnish, French, and Scottish ancestry, with relatives who fought in the Revolutionary War; a combination of small-town insulated childhood and big-city political sophistication; of belly-racking poverty and real wealth.

He was the best liberal, the best Negro, the best Indian, the best Nisei and the best Jew in Washington. He was on the side of every oppressed minority. He fought their fights, rejoiced if they were victorious, stormed if they were hurt. "There has been no time since my resignation," he wrote barely six months before he died, "that I have been able to go to bed at night with the comfortable feeling that all was well along the Indian front." The five years that I worked for him were unforgettable years of working with one of the liveliest personalities Washington has ever known. He was that rare thing—a reformer with wit. He hated revolution. He hated Nazism. He hated communism. He hated fascism, including Franco's variety. Like Roosevelt, whom he adored, his reforms were aimed at saving the country from revolution.

THE Old Curmudgeon was his trademark. He created it. He taught the world what a curmudgeon was. He loved to boast, as he did in his "Autobiography of a Curmudgeon," that he was America's No. 1 Sourpuss. "There was a time," he confessed, "when I was, owing to my mother, in danger of becoming, if not exactly a mellow and urbane human being, at least a reasonable facsimile thereof. I claim sole credit for having rescued myself from such a ghastly fate."

It was a fine pose, and nobody enjoyed it more than he. But it was a carefully grown crust to hide the things he knew better than to expose to his critics—a fierce idealism, a thick vein of sentiment, a complete freedom from race prejudice, a devotion to his employees that was almost the devotion of a father (and he could be hurt, like a father, by any betrayal), a great loneliness, and in his last years, an agony of spirit.

He loved America. He loved its institutions. He loved its heritage. According to Jane Ickes, his wife, when he could no longer fight for that heritage, he died. "Actually," she told me recently at her farm in Maryland, "he died in February, 1946, the day he resigned. It took him six years to stop breathing. He died because he had no more will to live. He died because he felt he could no longer be of service to the country and the world."

His fights were epic fights—and most of them he won. He fought for the rights of American minorities. He refused to send helium to Germany to fly Hitler's dirigibles over the protests of the army, navy and State Department. He refused to let scrap iron from America and shipments of lubricating oil go to Hirohito's Japan. To the exasperation of his critics, who were legion, he was outrageously upheld by history.

Soon after Roosevelt surprised Ickes as well as the nation by appointing him Secretary of the Interior because, as Roosevelt told him, "Mr. Ickes, you and I have been speaking the same language for the past twenty years," he gave him the ammunition with which to fight against revolution in America. He made him head of the Public Works Administration, with the biggest appropriation ever voted until then in the history of the country.

Ickes used the depression-born agency to battle the diseases of depression. He fought for slum clearance and low-cost housing. He struggled to outlaw Jim Crowism in any of his projects. He helped lick starvation through a subsistence-homestead program that became the basis of the present Farm Security Administration. In his twin role as Secretary of the Interior and Public Works Administrator, he called a federal halt to the looting of the West that had been going on almost undisturbed since the nineteenth century. The huge dams, the reclamation projects which created sorely needed power and cheap energy, the Big Inch pipeline which brought oil to the East during the war when our tankers were

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being sunk, were first initialed on his desk. He turned a department that had one of the least savory reputations in history (Teapot Dome had come out of it) into a department whose honesty became a watchword in government.

It took a Roosevelt to recognize an Ickes. Roosevelt soon realized that with Ickes's guts, his driving energy, his full-steam-ahead approach, he was the best administrator in Washington. Roosevelt kept dropping bigger and tougher jobs in his lap. At one time in World War II he held sixteen jobs, each of them enough to keep an ordinary man busy twenty-four hours a day. He was the boss of all the nation's coal mines, Fishery Coordinator for War, Petroleum Administrator for War, Coordinator of Solid Fuels, as well as, of course, Secretary of the Interior. He was boss of all the lubricating oil that kept our planes flying over Germany and Japan and our ships patrolling the seven seas.

How did he do it? "By having a damned good organization," he told an interviewer. He knew how to delegate authority, and once he did, he backed his employees to the hilt. In turn, most of them gave him blind devotion.

HIS tests of character were simple ones—honesty, loyalty, political incorruptibility. And he was incorruptible. His enemies sought a chink in that armor of incorruptibility and never found it. In three different election campaigns, the Republicans went over his department in what must surely have been the most thorough attempt at political muckraking in history. Each time he came out unscathed. His very resignation after thirteen years was over the question of bribery and corruption. Edwin Pauley, a wealthy oilman from California, had offered him a huge sum for the coffers of the Democratic Party if Ickes would let some of the untold riches of the California offshore oil fields go out of the federal jurisdiction to the states and private hands. When Pauley was nominated as Secretary of the Navy (with potential control of those very oil fields), Ickes revealed the offer as "the rawest proposition ever made to me." He resigned with fireworks, refusing to "commit perjury for the party." It was his last great fight and again he won. Pauley's nomination was withdrawn.

Harold Ickes's humor and poison-arrow wit, as well as his joy in battle, made his press conferences second only to Roosevelt's. He was a wonderful wordsmith, and the reporters were forever scurrying to their dictionaries. At one press conference, he called Martin Dies a "zany." Some of the boys rushed to their Webster's to see if he had made the word up.

Ickesisms have already become part of American folklore. He attacked Wendell Willkie as "the simple, barefoot Wall Street lawyer" and Tom Dewey as "Thomas Elusive Dewey, the candidate in sneakers" who "threw his diaper into the ring." He described Walter Winchell as having an "obstetrical turn of mind." He called Martin Dies "Loaded Dies," and in a series of fine flamboyant battles he told Huey Long what his best friend wouldn't tell him, that he had "halitosis of the intellect," and he diagnosed Hugh Johnson's ailments as "mental saddle sores."

He educated nearly everyone around him, especially in grammar. It was no mean task for a Cabinet member to give English lessons to 50,000 people. But he managed. He was not merely a perfectionist; he was a classicist of the old school. He insisted upon having the conjunction *that* put in, wherever possible, in any letter or draft written for him. Many of us who had written for newspapers had been trained to leave out the *thats* as much as possible. Now we put *thats* in by the dozen. But it was rarely enough. Back would come the page with *that* scrawled all over with a thick, stub pen. The staff finally got even. At a birthday party for "The Boss," he was presented with about a thousand huge cardboards, each bearing the word *THAT*, with instructions to "sprinkle as desired."

He hated waste—big or small. He would fight just as hard to save a penny's worth of electricity in an office in the Interior Department as to save billions of dollars of oil which belonged to the people. His own day never ended. He came to work at 7:30 a. m. and, for a long time, stayed until midnight. At the beginning, he would frequently call up his bureau chiefs at 7:45 to see if they were at their desks. He stopped the practice later on, but in the early years he would walk around the building to make sure everyone was working.

He made everyone who worked for him feel important. He would constantly call even minor officials into his office for advice. He was as ready to fight for the rights of an elevator girl as for the rights of victims of Hitlerism abroad. One of his subordinates scolded a Negro elevator operator sharply one day, with stern threats of firing her because she failed to recognize him and took him one floor above his own. Ickes learned of the incident, called the terrified girl into his office, apologized for his staff, and promised that she would not be fired. She was later promoted, and today is a clerk in the Interior Department.

Washington was a "border town" when Ickes arrived. It still is a "border town," though much less so now than in 1933, and Ickes played no small role in that progress. Today the National Theater is reopening, and Negroes may sit in any seats they can afford. Negroes work in government bureaus—not only as cleaning girls, janitors, chauffeurs, and handymen, but as secretaries, clerks, research workers—in fact in any jobs for which they qualify. At his recommendation, President Roosevelt appointed a Negro, Judge William H. Hastie, Governor of the Virgin Islands. (Judge Hastie is now on the

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bench of the Federal Court of Appeals.) Ickes was an old Urban Leaguer whose blood boiled at the discrimination he found in Washington. He not only appointed Negro advisers to his staff, but permitted Negroes to eat in the Interior Department's dining room—something that rocked Washington. He then forced the Willard Hotel to admit Negroes to the birthday party for his great friend Jane Addams.

Ickes personally declared war on Hitler's Germany long before the rest of the Administration. It was a little embarrassing for Washington to have one Cabinet member at war, but it never bothered Ickes. He swung out at Adolf every chance he got. He called him "the biggest liar in history." He said that Germany's treatment of Jews carried it back to "a period of history when man was unlettered, benighted, and bestial." The Führer demanded a national apology. But President Roosevelt, personally approving his Secretary of the Interior's private and slightly premature war, directed Sumner Welles to announce to the world, in his iciest diplomatic manner, that there would be no apology to Mr. Hitler from the United States.

Of all the minorities, Ickes fought longest and hardest for the American Indians. They were his special care. He had been trying to protect them as a lawyer in Chicago for many years, and one of his first acts of office was to appoint John Collier Commissioner of Indian Affairs. With a humility that most of his critics would never dream lay behind the crusty, belligerent exterior, he once told me, "Long after I'm gone and forgotten, the world will remember John Collier."

The most dramatic fight he ever led for civil rights was that for Marian Anderson in 1939. Miss Anderson, less well-known then, had been billed to sing for the Daughters of the American Revolution in Constitution Hall. The D.A.R. suddenly canceled her contract. Ickes immediately announced that he would grant her permission to sing on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, which was under his control as a National Monument. The concert would take place on Easter Sunday. Everyone—and he meant everyone—was invited.

The Washington metropolitan police went to the Secretary and offered him the entire police force. Obviously, they said, there would be race riots. There had never been such a huge mixed crowd as they now expected. The Secretary declined the offer. Then the army came around. "There's going to be bloodshed," they predicted. "We'll give you a whole regiment." He declined that too. He told them there would be no trouble if only the army and police would stay home.

But he began to get a little nervous. He called in the Superintendent of the National Capital Parks, Marshall Finnan.

"We want about eighteen of your park patrolmen to keep order. You're responsible—do you understand?"

Drawing by Ernest Fiene

Harold L. Ickes

"Yes, sir," Mr. Finnan said. Most of his park patrols were grandfathers, a good deal of whose policing consisted of finding lost children or pointing the way to the ladies' room.

"We've got elevator operators, too," Ickes said.

"Yes, sir."

"They have uniforms."

"Yes, sir."

"All right, use them too."

It was a beautiful Easter afternoon. Seventy-five thousand people had come from the North and the South to hear a Negro girl sing in the shadow of the man who had freed her people. The audience, in their best Easter finery, was about equally divided between Negroes and whites. They were so proud to be there that if anyone had so much as jostled anyone else, the crowd would have taken care of him. It was one of the greatest self-policing jobs in history.

The leaders of the nation were there—Eleanor Roosevelt, who had resigned from the D. A. R. in protest, Cabinet members, Senators, Congressmen, Supreme Court Justices. Hugo Black had been nominated for the Supreme Court and was being fought on the grounds of having been a member of the Ku Klux Klan. The newsreel cameras shot a full sequence of Mr. and Mrs. Black walking across the platform.

Marian Anderson sang, perhaps as she had never sung in her life. There were tears in the audience. But everyone stood with his head high. It was a day for pride. Ickes had won another victory for civil liberty. "Under this open sky," he said "all men are free and equal."

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East Europe's New Trade Potential

BY ERIC JOSEPHSON

Geneva, Switzerland

A New industrial revolution, little understood in the West, has swept Eastern Europe in the brief period since the close of the war. It is in the light of certain features of this revolution that the whole question of East-West trade, and the significance of the international trade conference which closed last week in Moscow, can best be studied.

The first post-war goal of the smaller countries of Eastern Europe was immediate industrial and agricultural recovery. Trade with the West was still important at that time and there was even some competition among Eastern countries in the world market—as between Poland and Czechoslovakia in coal. With the exception of Czechoslovakia, of course, all the Eastern countries were producers of raw materials. Nevertheless, even before the Council of Mutual Economic Assistance was created in Moscow in January, 1949, Czechoslovakia and Poland had begun to integrate certain features of their production and foreign-trade policies.

A new phase of cooperation, however, began with the signing of the Moscow mutual-economic-aid agreement, by which the long-term plans of the Eastern countries were integrated. Since 1950, original long-term programs have been revised extensively to place greater emphasis on heavy industry; the specific objectives are to increase supplies of steel and investment goods, to avoid duplication of effort, and to provide for greater regional specialization based on the national resources of each country. Entirely new industrial centers were planned, such as the giant Nowa-Huta steel works in Poland. One of the biggest projects is the Oder-Danube canal joining the Baltic with the Black Sea, which will give Hungary and Czechoslovakia access to the sea and make possible closer integration of the supply of equipment and raw materials within the region as well as an increase in foreign trade. According to the plans, it will be the responsibility of the Soviet Union to provide the needed raw materials and some of the necessary capital equipment.

The complementary character of the integrated plans is illustrated by Czechoslovakia, which will continue to produce a wide range of industrial machinery and also specialize in light engineering, precision instruments, and automobiles, while depending to a certain extent on its neighbors for food. Czechoslovakia's engineering exports are stated to be entirely intended for the Soviet Union, other Eastern countries, and China; in all, more than half of its planned production of heavy engineering, machine tools, and road vehicles in 1953 is slated for export.

Poland, which will concentrate on heavy engineering, offers another interesting example of specialization within the area: Polish targets for the production of railroad cars have been raised and those for East Germany reduced. In fact, according to a survey by the Economic Commission for Europe, it appears that Poland manufactured almost as many railroad cars in 1951 as did Britain. Furthermore, Hungary will specialize in textiles and food processing, Rumania in petroleum and its by-products, and Bulgaria in agricultural machinery.

THE industrialization of this formerly agricultural region has been described as a major event in European history, and its appeal to the young people and intellectuals of Eastern Europe must not be underestimated. The industrial potential of this area is already far greater than is generally supposed in the West. Its ninety million people produce as much industrial goods per capita as the U. S. S. R. Their output of coal amounts to one-half, of steel one-third, and of oil more than one-fifth that of the Russians. The rate of industrial growth in the region is now faster than Russia's: in 1951, the ECE estimates, the area produced 9,300,000 tons of steel; its goal for 1954-55 is more than sixteen million tons.

The production of consumer goods, of course, reflects the high priority given to heavy industry; Czechoslovakia, whose consumer-goods industries were the most important in the East, has further shifted emphasis away from this sector. So far, the rate of increase in capital-goods production throughout Eastern Europe has been much higher than that of consumer-goods output, which has barely managed to surpass the pre-war level. Nevertheless, the ECE reports that the total volume of consumption in Eastern countries increased up to 5 per cent in 1951 compared with smaller increases or, in many cases, actual decline in the West. The modest climb in consumer goods was not sufficient to prevent a fall in living standards in Eastern countries, however. The ECE ascribes the fall chiefly to the fact that the pace of industrialization increased the number of workers faster than it did the supply of consumer goods.

Compared with pre-war levels, total industrial production has risen faster in the East than in the West;

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industry in Poland grew 268 per cent from 1938 to 1951, while the rates of increase were even higher in other Eastern countries. Agricultural production, on the other hand, is still below the pre-war level, and compared with pre-war the difference between agricultural and industrial growth is much larger here than in the West. It is clearly recognized in the East that this lag creates a major obstacle to further economic development.

Progress made toward industrialization and closer economic integration within Eastern Europe is reflected in changing trade policies. There has been a large increase in trade between the Soviet Union and other East European countries; at the same time, general intra-regional trade has made gains all the more striking since the traditional pattern of production was not complementary to any large exent. The key to further trade increases is the mutual adaptation of production plans; during 1951 several long-term trade agreements were concluded, covering generally the period of national production plans. Among the more important changes in the "structure of imports" has been a decrease in consumer goods in proportion to capital goods and raw materials.

Even critics of the Eastern regimes have admitted that the industrialization and coordination of resources in the region have been forward steps making possible a far better utilization of manpower and resources. In so far as the region is becoming a single large producing and consuming area, economic interdependence has tended to weaken national differences. Here the interest of the Russians in helping to build the industrial power of the East coincided with the economic needs of the smaller countries themselves. Of course, it is readily admitted in the East that one of the major objectives of the mutual-aid pact between the U. S. S. R. and the People's Democracies was to make the area independent of Western markets.

IN THESE circumstances, what is the future of East-West trade in Europe? It is clear that the East would still like to import capital goods, but since this is no longer possible and the region is not particularly interested in the West's offers of consumer goods, it has made strenuous efforts to achieve self-sufficiency. If this is the case, it may be asked, why all the talk about reviving trade between East and West? Why the recent trade conference in Moscow? While Britain reduces its exports to the Soviet Union by more than a third in order to deny the Russians "strategic materials" (and therewith expects the Soviets to quit the British market to "launch a trade assault on backward tropical countries"), the U. S. S. R. claims that Britain can solve its economic difficulties by resuming heavy trade with the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries. Although the Moscow conference has been interpreted variously as propaganda designed to weaken and divide the West and as the opening of a "trade war" against the United States and Britain, it nevertheless appears that the Western European countries have as much to gain as has the East from a revival of East-West trade.

The interest of the Eastern countries—which was admitted frankly by one of their delegates at the last ECE session—is to make Europe as a whole less dependent on the United States. However, it must be realized that when and if East-West trade in Europe is revived, the position of the Eastern countries, and particularly of the People's Democracies, will be far different from what it was before the war when the region had no more to offer than raw materials. On the other hand, certain Western countries face the unpleasant alternative of becoming more dependent on America—which in turn must make up for the West European loss of trade and raw materials—or competing with the rising industrial power of Germany and Japan. Despite the curious logic of certain Congressmen who would like to end both our subsidies to Europe *and* all East-West trade, the West's basic interest in reviving this trade remains. It is not the East, but the West, that must export to live.

But what does the East itself have to offer? In considering the sincerity of its appeals for increasing East-West trade, it should be remembered that the Eastern European countries outside the Soviet Union, although themselves constituting a grain-deficit area (since grain production is hardly above pre-war levels), have repeatedly expressed, along with the U. S. S. R., their willingness to expand grain exports, depending on the nature and quantity of counter-deliveries offered by the West. Nevertheless, the ECE is skeptical about the possibility of increasing this trade:

> When exports in any case account for only a small proportion of total production—as is true of nearly all the major export products of Eastern European countries—the concept of export availability becomes rather vague, and within a given volume of production the supply of exports may be extremely elastic. It can be safely assumed, therefore, that the increase in exports from Eastern Europe which has actually taken place since the immediate post-war years was smaller than it could have been in a *different* political atmosphere.

The U. S. S. R., of course, as the second industrial power in the world and a major producer of basic commodities, is in a far stronger position to engage in expanded East-West trade than the People's Democracies, but as the smaller Eastern countries industrialize further, they may be in a better position to increase their trade with the West, and the entire area may be able ultimately to compete with the West in world markets outside Europe. The ECE concludes:

> Available information on the development of production in Eastern Europe tends to suggest that the next few years will bring about some further increase in export

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possibilities, which is a necessary, albeit insufficient, condition of expanded East-West trade in Europe.

It has been pointed out in both East and West that any trade between the planned economies of the Eastern countries and the less planned economies of the West presents certain problems not easily overcome. However, stable exchange between East and West is still believed feasible on the basis of *long-term* arrangements compatible with Eastern planning. Of course, if obstacles to trade remain, the Eastern countries believe themselves capable of taking up the slack and will do so, if necessary, through mutual agreements and a continued emphasis on economic self-sufficiency. It may soon be impossible for the West to turn the clock back.

Do Lie-Detectors Lie?

BY JULES H. MASSERMAN and MARY GRIER JACQUES

DURING periods of social stress and tension every body politic is apt to become sensitive to real or supposed enemies in its midst and to cast about for means of revealing and eliminating them. But even in societies with a latent sense of justice the juridical methods adopted may be somewhat unreliable—as witness the trials by combat in the "heroic" ages, or the prescribed techniques of torture employed by the judges of the Inquisition to detect witches and heretics for public execution. More in accord with our modern era of technology and psychosomatics, we now have the "lie-detector," a device which is being used with increasing frequency by police laboratories on suspected criminals and their accomplices, and by some government agencies on suspected Communists and "fellow-travelers." However, our talent for gadgetry has not left our sense of equity so far behind that we cannot still ask: What is this mysterious lie-detector? Does it serve any useful function? How trustworthy are its findings? What is their legal status?

What is the lie-detector? This first of our queries is easy to answer: it is a relatively simple device for making a graphic record of a person's breathing and blood pressure while he is being questioned. Formerly, the rate of sweating of his palms (the so-called "psychogalvanic reflex") was also determined, but this proved to be so unpredictable that it was abandoned. The usual procedure is to seat the subject "comfortably," put a rubber tube around his chest and an inflated cuff on his arm, connect each to a pneumatic diaphragm which operates a pen, and start these writing on a moving sheet of paper. When, after about ten minutes of preliminary observation, the respiratory and blood-pressure tracings seem to have reached a relatively stable level, the subject is asked a series of supposedly innocuous "control" questions interspersed with various "crucial" ones, such as, "Is your name John Doe?" "Are you forty-eight years old?" "Did you kill Cock Robin?" "Do you live in Washington?" "Is your wife named Emmy?" "Is today Thursday?" "Did you ever read the *Daily Worker*?" and so on. The subject is required to confine his replies to "yes" or "no," since any extension of his remarks would interfere mechanically with the record. Finally, after a period of ostensible "rest," the procedure may be repeated to follow up any leads that have been revealed.

The entire method is founded on a principle with some basis in fact: namely, that when people with a fairly well-developed conscience violate it by deliberate prevarication, they experience an inner anxiety which may be expressed physiologically not only by transient blushing, muscular tensions, and other signs, but also by alterations in respiration and blood pressure that can be limned in neat squiggles for exhibition to a jury. But can these changes, no matter how accurately detected and recorded, be interpreted categorically as valid evidence for the truth or falsity of any statement? In other words: Does the lie-detector serve any useful purpose?

As is usual in scientific discourse, the answer to our second rhetorical query must be: yes, and no, and usually both—depending on what is meant by "useful purpose." To begin with, the general public and not a few criminals have built up so many fears of the oracular powers of the device that true confessions are sometimes obtained by the mere threat of its use, or by the desire to turn state's evidence before being involved by an accomplice about to be examined. F. E. Inbau, in his "Lie Detection and Criminal Investigation," also justifies its use in this connection on the basis that "the availability of the lie-detector technique will reduce the extent of 'third degree' practices, especially upon innocent suspects." Again, there is no question that a thoroughly trained and experienced observer—of which, incidentally, there are relatively few—can use this method to obtain valuable clues which can then be fol-

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lowed up. But granted all this, there are still so many pitfalls of technique and interpretation implicit in the procedure that our third question becomes immediately apropos: How trustworthy are the findings?

Here serious difficulties arise. On physical grounds alone, bodily exhaustion or systemic diseases of the lungs, heart, or circulation can put gross distortions into the record. In all cases, then, it devolves upon the examiner to prove that such disorders did not exist at the time of the test—a task made doubly difficult by the circumstance that some healthy and guiltless people are subject to unpredictable irregularities in respiratory and cardiac function. Again, various grades of mental deficiency may render the subject incapable of understanding the meaning of the questions, whereas schizoid or other psychotic tendencies may lead to gross misinterpretations of, or indifference to, the import of examination. But of even greater concern is the more common psychologic fact that both "positive" and "negative" responses on the polygraph may be either invalid or seriously misleading. Thus, one falsely accused subject may become so anxious over the implied threat to his reputation and career that he may over-react to the "crucial questions"; another may show the repressed hatreds of a martyr being persecuted; a third may fear the detection of some other quite unrelated culpability—yet in each case the cardio-respiratory deviations may be spuriously "positive." Conversely, a guilty person may have rationalized his actions so effectively that he suffers few pricks of conscience during his examination and therefore remains subjectively and physiologically placid. Or if he lacks this inner serenity, he may have learned how to "beat the detector rap" in a number of ways. He can, for instance, tense his muscles undetectably in such a manner that his tracings during "control" observations indicate greater deviations from normal than those in response to the "crucial" questions; or he can vitiate the results even more subtly—as an intelligent spy or saboteur can be trained to do—by maintaining certain "mental sets" or by concentrating on emotionally stimulating topics during the entire examination.

THESE are but a few of the reservations on the reliability of so-called "lie-detection" by the polygraphic technique; there are many other medical and psychoanalytic qualifications to the method too technical for discussion here. In their totality such difficulties led a group of Northwestern University investigators to conclude that even under favorable circumstances at least one record out of four is either invalid or erroneous, and that with less careful control the proportion of seriously misleading results may be much higher. In view of this, our last question becomes particularly relevant to considerations of liberty and justice, namely: What is the legal status of lie-detector evidence?

Seven appellate courts have ruled that lie-detector records are not admissible as evidence in the trial of criminal cases, though, of course, duly attested confessions obtained by the polygraphic or any other non-violent method may be so admitted. The Bureau of Legal Medicine and Legislation of the American Medical Association recently reported such a decision in the following words:

> We are of the opinion, said the court, that the foregoing enumerated difficulties alone in connection with the lie-detector present obstacles to its acceptability as an instrument of evidence in the trial of criminal cases, notwithstanding its recognized utility . . . for uncovering clues and obtaining confessions. This conclusion is in line with the weight of authority repudiating the lie-detector as an instrument of evidence in the trial of criminal cases. In addition, the authorities give other cogent reasons for its inadaptability as an instrument of evidence in the trial of cases, such as the impossibility of cross-examining the machine (a constitutional impedient) and those human elements of fallibility which surround interpretations of the lie-detector recordings predicated upon the hazards of unknown individual emotional differences, which may and oftentimes do result in erroneous conclusions. We can foresee conditions where to ascertain the truth, it would become necessary to require the operator of the machine to submit to a test to determine the truthfulness of his interpretations.

And yet, despite such rulings, the "lie-detector" continues to be given credence as evidence for Congressional committees, in interviews of applicants for government positions, and in "loyalty" investigations in military or civilian life. Since it is here in particular that the competence of the investigators themselves plays so important a role, let us turn to an article in the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology* by Professor Inbau for an opinion on this subject:

> Some branches of the armed services have used and are perhaps still using as examiners certain individuals who are basically unqualified and improperly trained. They have at times conducted tests—and on a large-scale basis at that—upon persons whose loyalty was under scrutiny, and in many instances the reports of these examiners appear to have been accepted at face value and upon the assumption that the technique produced results approximating perfection. For the future welfare of this nation, let us hope that somewhere along the line of persons responsible for the security of our secret weapons or of any other project or interest of national importance there develops a realization that the dependability of lie-detector-test results is no greater than the qualifications and ability of the examiner himself. Moreover, there should be an awareness that even as regards a highly qualified examiner mistakes are still a possibility.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY: A MEMOIR

BY EDMUND WILSON

ONE is grateful to Vincent Sheean for having written the memoir of Edna Millay that he calls "The Indigo Bunting" (Harper), because, since this extraordinary woman's death, no adequate tribute has been paid to either her work or her personality, and Mr. Sheean, though he saw her only a few times in the later years of her life, has been able to bring to the subject his almost novelistic gift for dramatizing contemporary personalities. What sets Mr. Sheean off from the ordinary writer of memoirs, who depends on mere big names or on gossip, is his ardent sense of human greatness. Nothing, for example, could be more different from the way in which celebrities are usually described than the way of Mr. Sheean in such a book as "Between the Thunder and the Sun." In his account of a house party on the Riviera, he can give you the colors and contours of Maxine Elliott and Winston Churchill—like a portrait painter in the best old tradition—in such a way as to make them impressive, without relinquishing a strong sense of character and personal idiosyncrasy. It is the special Irish faculty, no doubt—which one finds in Yeats's autobiography—for seeing people in their most human, and sometimes in their comic aspects, and yet making them walk the earth like the creatures of heroic legend. In Edna Millay, who had herself so much Irish, Mr. Sheean finds an ideal subject, since one needed no romantic temperament, no predisposition to hero-worship, to recognize in her an exceptional being. It is one of the themes of his portrait that she exercised over wild birds what seemed to him a special attraction. This, he says, she pooh-poohed herself—she was not a romantic or a mystical person—explaining that they came to her window or circled about her head simply because she fed them; but what he tells us does show unmistakably that she exercised an enchantment for Vincent Sheean and induced him, for the first time in his life, to become acutely aware of birds, of which he seems hitherto to have been subnormally ignorant. One never forgot the things *she* noticed, for she charged them with her own intense feeling. This power of enhancing and ennobling life was felt by all who knew her.

Drawing by Francisca Bolles

It was probably a mistake, however, for Mr. Sheean to try to make a small book out of his necessarily slender memoirs. There is a whole chapter on birds in general, which seems little to the purpose and reads like padding—though I believe it is true, as he says and as the following pages will confirm, that Edna Millay had some special affinity with birds; and he runs later to speculations along the lines of his recent interest in Hindu religion, in which he conveys the impression that she did not seem eager to follow him—not surprisingly, in view of her exclusive preoccupation with the actual human world. (God never, I think, appears in her work after such early poems as God's World and Renascence, except as a mythological property, and her vision of man and the universe is expressed in her Epitaph for the Race of Man.) But "The Indigo Bunting" has a certain importance, for Mr. Sheean has recognized and been able to convey something of Edna Millay's qualities, and he has given the lead for others who knew her better and longer and to whom her work has meant more (Mr. Sheean says he read her poetry only after he met her in the forties) to supplement what he has written of his visits to the Boissevains at Austerlitz, New York, and on the island in Maine where they spent their summers. I propose to take advantage of this cue, with apologies to Mr. Sheean for using "The Indigo Bunting" as a pretext for a kind of counter-memoir. I hope that others who knew Edna Millay will also write about her. There ought to be a memorial volume. The

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wonder is, one realizes with shame, that none of those who were especially indebted to her—with the exception of Rolfe Humphries, who registered a brief protest in *The Nation* against the stupidity or indifference with which the news of her death was received—has done anything to commemorate this great writer. It is the proof of Mr. Sheean's instinct for spotting and his talent for celebrating what is really important in his own time that he first should have broken the silence.

I

I FIRST met Edna Millay sometime early in 1920, but I had already known about her a long time. A cousin of mine, also a poet, Carolyn Crosby Wilson (now Carolyn Wilson Link), had been in Edna's class at Vassar, 1917, and when I had visited her at college in the spring of 1916, she had given me the April number of the Vassar *Miscellany Monthly*, of which she was one of the editors. I had read it coming back on the train and had been rather impressed by the leading feature, a dramatic dialogue in blank verse called The Suicide, by Edna St. Vincent Millay; and later, in "A Book of Vassar Verse," published in 1916, I found The Suicide and another similar poem by Miss Millay called Interim. In 1917, when Miss Millay's book "Renascence" came out, I was in France with the A. E. F., and my cousin sent me a copy of the book, which impressed me much more than the Vassar poems. In 1920, when I was back in America, I read in the March issue of the new literary magazine, the *Dial*, a sonnet called To Love Impuissant, which I immediately got by heart and found myself declaiming in the shower:

Love, though for this you riddle me with darts,
And drag me at your chariot till I die,—
Oh, heavy prince! Oh, panderer of hearts!—
Yet hear me tell how in their throats they lie
Who shout you mighty: thick about my hair,
Day in, day out, your ominous arrows purr,
Who still am free, unto no querulous care
A fool, and in no temple worshiper!
I, that have bared me to your quiver's fire,
Lifted my face into its puny rain,
Do wreathe you Impotent to Evoke Desire
As you are Powerless to Elicit Pain!
(Now will the god, for blasphemy so brave,
Punish me, surely, with the shaft I crave!)

The fascination that this poem had for me was due partly to its ringing defiance—at that time we were all defiant—but partly also to my liking to think that one who appreciated the poet as splendidly as I felt I did might be worthy to deal her the longed-for dart. This was a different, a bolder voice, than the brooding girl of "Renascence." How I hoped I might some day meet her!

This was finally brought about—sometime in the spring of that year—by Hardwicke Nevin (the nephew of Ethelbert Nevin, the composer), whom my friend John Peale Bishop had known at Princeton. He had further excited my interest by his description of Edna's enchanting personality, and he had invited John and me to an evening party at his apartment in Greenwich Village to which Edna came, late, from the theater, where she was acting with the Provincetown Players. I think it was just before this that I had seen the double bill there: a play of Floyd Dell's, in which she had acted, and her own "Aria da Capo," in which her sister Norma played Columbine. I was thrilled and troubled by this little play: it was the first time I had felt Edna's peculiar power. There was a bitter treatment of war, and we were all ironic about war; but there was also a less common sense of the incongruity and the cruelty of life, of the precariousness of love perched on a table above the corpses that had been hastily shoved out of sight, and renewing its eternal twitter in the silence that succeeded the battle. In any case, it was after the theater that Edna came to Hardwicke Nevin's. She complained of being exhausted, but was persuaded to recite some of her poems.

She was dressed in some bright batik, and her face lit up with a flush that seemed to burn also in the bronze reflections of her not yet bobbed reddish hair. She was one of those women whose features are not perfect and who in their moments of dimness may not seem even pretty, but who, excited by the blood or the spirit, become almost supernaturally beautiful. She was small, but her figure was full, though she did not appear plump. She had a lovely and very long throat that gave her the look of a muse, and her reading of her poetry was thrilling. She pronounced every syllable distinctly; she gave every sound its value. She seemed sometimes rather British than American—in her quick way of talking to people as well as in her reading of her poems, and I have never understood how her accent was formed. I suppose it was partly the product of the English tradition in New England, and no doubt—since she had acted from childhood—of her having been taught to read Shakespeare by a college or school elocutionist. She had probably also been influenced by the English Mitchell Kennerleys—Kennerley had been her first publisher—who had taken her up when she was still a girl, and, in a more important way, by the English dramatist Charles Rann Kennedy, who, with his wife Edith Wynn Matthison, the actress, had also been interested in her and had tried to persuade her to go on the stage. In any case, the trueness of her ear made it possible for her to write verse which was really in the English tradition. I believe that our failure in the United States to produce much first-rate lyric poetry is partly due to our flattening and drawling of the vowels and our slovenly slurring of the consonants; and Edna spoke with perfect purity. It may have been partly her musical training, which came out also in her handling of her voice.

Among poets whose phonograph recordings I have heard, it seems to me that Edna Millay and E. E. Cummings and James Joyce give conspicuously the best performances. Joyce, like Edna Millay, is a musician with a well-trained voice; Cummings has, like Edna, the New England precision in enunciating every syllable. All three are masters of tempo and tone. If you play the recording of Renascence, you will hear how the *r* in the first line gets just the right little twist—so different from the harsh or the slighted *r*'s of the American regional accents; and how the vowels in *long* and *wood* are correctly made, respectively, short and long. If you play Elegy, you will hear in the closing lines her characteristic cadences that are almost like song. I do not remember whether she recited this poem the night that I met her first. If she did not, I heard it soon after. It was one of a series she had written for a girl friend at Vassar who had died, which I thought among the finest of the things that she showed me then. What was impressive and

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rather unsettling when she read such poems aloud was her power of imposing herself on others through a medium that unburdened the emotions of solitude. The company hushed and listened as people do to music—her authority was always complete; but her voice, though dramatic, was lonely.

MY NEXT MOVE was to cultivate her acquaintance by way of *Vanity Fair*, in the editorial department of which magazine John Bishop and I were both working then. She had at that time no real market for her poems; she sold a lyric only now and then to the highbrow *Dial*, on the one hand, or to the trashy *Ainslee's*, on the other. She was hard up and lived with her mother and sisters at the very end of West Nineteenth Street. When I would go to get her there or take her home in a cab, the children that were playing in the street would run up and crowd around her. It was partly that she gave them pennies and sometimes taxi rides, just as she later put out food for the birds, but it was also, I think, the magnetism that Vincent Sheean felt.

We published in *Vanity Fair* a good deal of Edna's poetry and thus brought her to the attention of a larger public. This was the beginning of her immense popularity. Frank Crowninshield, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, a clever and extremely entertaining man, was in some ways rather shallow as well as unreliable, but he did have—as it were, as a heritage from his distinguished Boston family—a true instinct about painting and writing and a confidence in his own taste. He deserves a good deal of credit for featuring Edna Millay's poetry and for enabling her later to go abroad. There was nobody else in the publishing world who was both qualified to appreciate her work and in a position to do something to help her in a financial and practical way.

As for John Bishop and me, the more we saw of her poetry, the more our admiration grew, and we both, before very long, had fallen irretrievably in love with her. This latter was so common an experience, so almost inevitable a consequence of knowing her in those days, that it is possible, without being guilty of personal irrelevancies, to introduce it into a memoir of this kind. One cannot really write about Edna Millay without bringing into the foreground of the picture her intoxicating effect on people, because this so much created the atmosphere in which she lived and composed. The spell that she exercised on many, of the most various professions and temperaments, of all ages and both sexes, was at that time exactly that which Vincent Sheean imagines she cast on the birds. I should say here that I do not believe that my estimate of Edna Millay's work has ever been much affected by my personal emotions about her. I admired her poetry before I knew her, and my most exalted feeling for her did not, I think, ever prevent me from recognizing or criticizing what was weak or second-rate in her work. Today, thirty years later, though I see her in a different "context," my opinion has hardly changed. Let me register this unfashionable opinion here, and explain that Edna Millay seems to me one of the few poets writing in English in our time who have attained to anything like the stature of great literary figures in an age in which prose has predominated. It is hard to know how to compare her to Eliot or Auden or Yeats—it would be even harder to compare her to Ezra Pound. There is always a certain incommensurability between men and women writers. But she does have it in common with the first three of these that, in giving supreme expression to profoundly felt personal experience, she was able to identify herself with more general human experience and stand forth as a spokesman for the human spirit, announcing its predicaments, its vicissitudes, but, as a master of human expression, by the splendor of expression itself, putting herself beyond common embarrassments, common oppressions and panics. This is man, who surveys himself and the world in which he moves, not the beast that scurries and suffers; and the name of the poet comes no longer to indicate a mere individual with a birthplace and a legal residence but to figure as one of the pseudonyms assumed by that spirit itself.

This spirit so made itself felt, in all one's relations with Edna, that it towered above the clever college girl, the Greenwich Village *gamine*, and, later, the neurotic invalid. There was something of awful drama about everything one did with Edna, and yet something that steadied one, too. Those who fell in love with the woman did not, I think, seriously quarrel with her or find themselves at one another's throats, and they were not, except in very small ways, demoralized or led to commit excesses, because the other thing was always there, and her genius, for those who could value it, was not something that one could be jealous of. Her poetry, you soon found out, was her real overmastering passion. She gave it to all the world, but she also gave it to you. As in The Poet and His Book—at that time, one of my favorites of her poems—with its homely but magical images, its urgent and hurried movement—she addressed herself not to her lover, by whom, except momentarily, she had never had the illusion that she lived or died, but to everyone whose pulse could throb quicker at catching the beat of her poetry. This made it possible during the first days we knew her for John and me to see a good deal of her together on the basis of our common love of poetry.

Our parties were in the nature of a sojourn in Pieria—to which, in one of her sonnets, she complains that an unworthy lover is trying to keep her from returning—where it was most delightful to feel at home. I remember particularly an April night in 1920, when we called on Richard Bennett, the actor, who had been brought by Hardwicke Nevin to the Provincetown Players, in the cheerful little house halfway downtown where he lived with his attractive wife and his so soon to be attractive daughters; I sat on the floor with Edna, which seemed to me very Bohemian. On some other occasion, we all undertook to write portraits in verse of ourselves. John's, under the title Self-Portrait, appeared in *Vanity Fair*, and we wanted to publish Edna's, but one of her sisters intervened and persuaded her that this would not be proper. There was also a trip on a Fifth Avenue bus—we were going to the Claremont for dinner, I think—in the course of which Edna recited to us a sonnet she had just written: "Here is a wound that never will heal, I know." For me, even rolling up Fifth Avenue, this poem plucked the strings of chagrin, for not only did it refer to some other man, someone I did not know, but it suggested that Edna could not be consoled, that such grief was in the nature of things.

I used to take her to plays, concerts, and operas. We saw Bernard Shaw's

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"Heartbreak House" together, when it was first done in New York, in the November of 1920. I had not liked it much when I read it and had told her that it was a dreary piece on the model of "Misalliance." But the play absorbed and excited her, as it gradually did me, and I saw that I had been quite wrong: "Heartbreak House" was, on the contrary, the first piece of Shaw's in which he had fully realized the possibilities of the country-house conversation with which he had been experimenting in "Getting Married" and "Misalliance." At the end of the second act Edna became very tense and was rather upset over the scene in which Ariadne—who had just said, "I get my whole life messed up with people falling in love with me"—plays cat-and-mouse with the jealous Randell; and when the curtain went down on it, she said: "I hate women who do that, you know." She must have had, in the course of those crowded years, a good many Randells on her hands, but her method of dealing with them was different from that of Bernard Shaw's aggressive Ariadne. She was capable of being mockingly or sternly sharp with an admirer who proved a nuisance, but she did not like to torture people or to play them off against one another. With the dignity of her genius went, not, as is sometimes the case, a coldness or a hatefulness or a touchiness in intimate human relations, but an invincible magnanimity, and the effects of her transitory feminine malice would be canceled by an impartiality which was amiably humorous or sympathetic. It is characteristic of her that, in her sonnet On Hearing a Symphony of Beethoven, she should write of the effect of the music:

> The spiteful and the stingy and the rude
> Sleep like the scullions in the fairy-tale.

Spitefulness and stinginess and rudeness were among the qualities she most disliked and of which she was least willing to be guilty.

BETWEEN JOHN BISHOP and me relations were, nevertheless, by this time, becoming a little strained. Frank Crowninshield was complaining that it was difficult to have both his assistants in love with one of his most brilliant contributors. There was a time when, from the point of view of taking her out, I was more or less monopolizing Edna, and John, who, between the office and his perfectionist concentration on his poetry—which he recited in the bathroom in the morning and to which he returned at night—had collapsed and come down with the flu. I went to see him, and afterward told Edna—no doubt with a touch of smugness—that I thought he was suffering, also, from his frustrated passion for her. The result of this—which I saw with mixed feelings—was that she paid him a visit at once and did her best to redress the balance. I knew that he had some pretty good poetry to read her, and this did not improve the situation.

But her relations with us and with her other admirers had, as I say, a disarming impartiality. Though she reacted to the traits of the men she knew—a face or a voice or a manner—or to their special qualifications—what they sang or had read or collected—with the same intensely perceptive interest that she brought to anything else—a bird or a shell or a weed—that had attracted her burning attention; though she was quick to feel weakness or strength, she did not, nevertheless, give the impression that personality much mattered for her or that, aside from her mother and sisters, her personal relations were important except as subjects for poems; and when she came to write about her lovers, she gave them so little individuality that it was usually, in any given case, impossible to tell which man she was writing about. What interests her is seldom the people themselves but her own emotions about them; and the sonnets that she published in sequences differed basically from Mrs. Browning's in that they dealt with a miscellany of men without—since they are all about *her*—the reader's feeling the slightest discontinuity.

In all this she was not egotistic in any boring or ridiculous or oppressive way, because it was not the personal, but the impersonal Edna Millay—that is, the poet—that preoccupied her so incessantly. But she was sometimes rather a strain, because nothing could be casual for her; I do not think I ever saw her relaxed, even when she was tired or ill. I used to suppose that this strain of being with her must be due to my own anxieties, but I later discovered that others who had never been emotionally involved with her were affected in the same way. She could be very amusing in company, but the wit of her conversation was as sharp as the pathos of her poetry. She was not at all a social person. She did not gossip; did not like to talk current events; did not like to talk personalities. It was partly that she was really noble, partly that she was rather neurotic, and the two things, bound up together, made it difficult for her to meet the world easily. When Mr. Sheean met her, late in her life, she at first, he tells us, seemed tongue-tied; then puzzled him extremely by thanking him, as if it had happened yesterday, for his having, in some official connection about which he had completely forgotten, sent her some flowers five years before; then analyzed, with a closeness he could hardly follow, a poem of Gerard Manley Hopkins, the sense of which she insisted, with bitterness and an "animation" that brought out "her very extraordinary beauty—not the beauty of every day but apart," had been spoiled by Hopkins' editor, Robert Bridges' having put in a comma in the wrong place. But although Edna sometimes fatigued one, she was never, as even the most gifted sometimes are, tyrannical, fatuous, or vain. She was either like the most condensed literature or music, the demands of which one cannot meet protractedly, or like a serious nervous case—though this side of her was more in evidence later—whom one finds that one cannot soothe.

WHAT WAS THE CAUSE of this strain? From what was the pressure derived that Edna Millay seemed always to be under? At that time I was too young and too much in love to be able to understand her well, and I afterward saw her only at intervals and in a much less intimate way. But I had found, when I had come into contact with the formidable strength of character that lay behind her attractiveness and brilliance, something as different as possible from the legend of her Greenwich Village reputation, something austere and even grim. She had been born in Rockland, Maine, and had grown up in small Maine towns. I heard her speak of her father only once. He and her mother had not lived together since the children were quite small, and her mother, who had studied to be a singer, supported them by district nursing, without ceasing—as I learn from Mr. Sheean—to train

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the local orchestra and write out their scores. They were poor; the mother was away all day, and the three girls were thrown much on themselves. To Edna, her sisters and her poetry and music must have been almost the whole of life. Such suitors as she had had in Maine she did not seem to have taken very seriously. By her precocious and remarkable poem, Renascence, written when she was hardly nineteen, she had attracted, at a summer entertainment, the attention of a visitor, Miss Caroline B. Dow, the New York head of the National Training School of the Y. W. C. A., who raised the money to send her to college. She did not graduate, therefore, till she was twenty-five, when she at last emerged into the freedom of a world where her genius and beauty were soon to make her famous, to bring all sorts of people about her, with a character and intellect that had been developed in solitude and under the discipline of hard conditions. Her human emotional life had, it seemed to me, in her girlhood been rather cramped, but she had herself given her emotions their satisfaction through the objects—the poems—she was able to create, and this life of the mind, this life of art, by which she had triumphed in a little Maine town that offered few other triumphs, was to remain for her the great reality that made everything else unimportant.

It is all in the astonishing Renascence, which is a study of claustrophobia. Hemmed in between the mountains and the sea of Camden on Penobscot Bay, the girl is beginning to suffocate; she looks up, and the sky seems to offer escape, but when she puts up her hand, she screams, for she finds it is so low that she can touch it, and Infinity settles down on her—she can hear the ticking of Eternity; she is beset by a new ordeal, for she begins to feel all human guilt, experience all human suffering, and this, too, becomes an oppression which is killing her; she now sinks six feet into the ground, and she feels the weight roll from her breast; her tortured soul breaks away, and the comforting rain begins to fall; but she is dead now and she wants to escape from the grave, which itself has become a prison, for she imagines how beautiful the world will be as soon as the rain is over; she prays to God for the rain to wash away the grave, and a storm comes and sets her free to those beauties of the world she has longed for; she springs up, embraces the trees, hugs the ground, feels that nothing can ever hide her from God again; the world, she now knows, is as wide as the heart, the heavens as high as the soul, but East and West will close in and crush you if you do not keep them apart, and the sky will cave in on you if your soul is flat.

This poem gives the central theme of Edna Millay's whole work: she is alone; she is afraid that the world will crush her; she must summon the strength to assert herself, to draw herself up to her full stature, to embrace the world with love; and the storm—which stands evidently for sexual love—comes to effect a liberation. Her real sexual experience, which came rather late, was to play in her poetry the role of this storm, for it gives her the world to embrace, yet it always leaves her alone again, alone and afraid of death. Withdrawal is her natural condition: she was always, as Mr. Sheean indicates—and this made itself felt as a part of the strain—extremely shy of meeting people; and she was terrified by New York, of which I do not think she saw much, for she would not cross a street alone. She feels that she is "caught beneath great buildings," and she longs to be back in Maine—though the Maine she is homesick for is never in the least idealized, but, on the contrary, a meager country with threadbare interiors, wizened apples, and weedy mussels on rotting hulls. One of her poems of this time that impressed me most was the long Ode to Silence, in which she celebrates an inner sanctuary that is like the grave of Renascence—a garden which lies "in a lull," like it, "between the mountains and the mountainous sea."

OF THE HOUSEHOLD in which Edna grew up I had a glimpse, in the summer of 1920, when I went at her invitation—she had John Bishop and me on different week-ends—to visit her at Truro, near the tip of Cape Cod. It was already dark when I got there—there was in those days a train that went all the way to Provincetown, shuffling along so slowly that it might have been plodding through the sand—and though I was met by a man with a cart, he did not, for some curmudgeonly Cape Cod reason, drive me all the way to the house but dropped me some distance away from it, so that I somehow got lost in a field and dragged my suitcase through scrub oak and sweetfern in the hot breathless August night. At last I saw a gleam—a small house—which I approached from the fields behind it, and there I found the Millays: Edna, with her mother and her two sisters, none of whom I had met.

The little house had been lent them by George Cram Cook (always known as "Jig"), the organizer of the Provincetown Players, who with Susan Glaspell lived across the road. It was bare, with no decoration and only a few pieces of furniture; a windmill that pumped water and no plumbing. Norma has told me since that when it rained the first night they got there, before they knew they had neighbors who could see them, they had all taken a shower under the spout from the roof. They gave me a dinner on a plain board table by the light of an oil lamp. I had never seen anything like this household, nor have I ever seen anything like it since. Edna tried to reassure me by telling me that I mustn't be overpowered by all those girls, and one of the others added, "And *what* girls!" Norma, the second sister, was a blonde, who looked a little like Edna; Kathleen, the youngest, was different, a dark Irish type. Edna was now very freckled. All were extremely pretty. But it was the mother who was most extraordinary. She was a little old woman with spectacles, who, although she had evidently been through a good deal, had managed to remain very brisk and bright. She sat up straight and smoked cigarettes and quizzically followed the conversation. She looked not unlike a New England school teacher, yet there was something almost raffish about her. She had anticipated the bohemianism of her daughters; and she sometimes made remarks that were startling from the lips of a little old lady. But there was nothing sordid about her: you felt even more than with Edna that she had passed beyond good and evil, beyond the power of hardship to worry her, and that she had attained there a certain gaiety. The daughters entertained me with humorous songs—they sang parts very well together—which they had composed in their girlhood in Maine.

Edna had been turning into verse, for

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a collection called "Folk Songs of Many Peoples," prose translations of some European peasant songs, and she sang me her versions, which enchanted me —especially one from Estonia, with a merry and poignant tune:

Piper, pipe a tune, call the dancers out!
Oh, the happy bag-pipes, the laughing shout!
Now the merry step we are treading!
Health to all, and joy bless this wedding!
Tra, la, la! Tra, la, la! Youth is all pleasure!
Let the beating foot strike the time of the measure!

Now the master's son, riches spurning,
Weds the farmer maid of his yearning;
Now the girl the rose garland covers,
Leaves her father's house for her lover's.
Tra, la la! Lonely my heart, dream-laden.
Would that I the bridegroom were, of so sweet a maiden.

The word *lonely* in the second stanza was given a dramatic emphasis by being put in the place of the second *Tra la la,* in such a way that the first syllable was prolonged in two drooping notes.

Since there were only two rooms on the first floor, with no partition between them, the only way for Edna and me to get away by ourselves was to sit in a swing on the porch; but the mosquitoes were so tormenting—there being then no mosquito control—that we soon had to go in again. I did, however, ask her formally to marry me, and she did not reject my proposal but said that she would think about it. I am not sure that she actually said, "That might be the solution," but it haunts me that she conveyed that idea. In any case, it was plain to me that proposals of marriage were not a source of great excitement.

The next morning she sat on the floor and recited a lot of new poems—she rarely read her poetry, she knew it by heart. The Millays were rather vague about meals and only really concentrated on dinner, but they never apologized for anything. We played the Fifth Symphony on a primitive old phonograph that had been left with them by Allan Ross Macdougall. She was committing the whole thing to memory, as she liked to do with music and poems; and raspy and blurred though it sounded, the power of its bold or mysterious motifs came through to me—surcharged with her power—as it never had done before. Jig Cook and Hutchins Hapgood dropped by and sat on the edge of the porch. The conversation was light but learned, and I was rather astonished when Jig quoted a poem in Sanskrit: I did not know at that time that he was a liberated Greek professor. But the things that remain with me most vividly—because she called my attention to them—are the vision of Jig Cook's daughter, Nilla, a handsome and sturdy little girl in a bright red bathing suit walking along the beach, as we looked down from the cliff above; and a gull's egg we found on the naked sand—gulls do not build nests—which made Edna stop and stare. It came back to me seven years later when, going up to Cape Cod in the early summer, I found myself alone in Provincetown:

We never from the barren down,
Beneath the silver-lucid breast
Of drifting plume, gazed out to drown
Where daylight whitens to the west.

Here never in this place I knew
Such beauty by your side, such peace—
These skies that, brightening, imbue
With dawn's delight the day's release.

Only, upon the barren beach,
Beside the gray egg of a gull,
With that fixed look and fervent speech,
You stopped and called it beautiful.

Lone as the voice that sped the word!—
Gray-green as eyes that ate its round!—
The desert dropping of a bird,
Bare-bedded in the sandy ground.

Tonight, where clouds like foam are blown,
I ride alone the surf of light—
As—even by my side—alone
That stony beauty burned your sight.

For I was not "the solution," nor was anyone else she knew; and she had come to a crisis in her life. "I'll be thirty in a minute!" she said to me one day. She moved from the apartment she had shared with her family and where, she complained, the sewing-machine had interfered with her writing, and took two rooms and a bath on West Twelfth Street, where Kathleen eventually joined her. But this made her more accessible and exposed her to the importunities of her suitors, who really besieged her door. She did not want to marry any of them, and, having tried two Greenwich Village ménages, she no longer had any illusions about extra-marital arrangements that were supposed to leave the parties free but, since somebody was always jealous, actually made their relations intolerable. And even with her literary career, she had lately been running into difficulties of a most discouraging kind. Her new book, "Second April," had been set up a long time before—she showed me the proofs when I first knew her—but Mitchell Kennerley, who was having financial troubles, did not bring the book out and would not even communicate with her. Besides this, her benefactress, Miss Dow, to whom she had dedicated "Second April," did not approve of her recent work—just as James Joyce's patron, Miss Harriet Weaver, was scandalized by "Ulysses"—and this worried her very much, for she could not write differently to please Miss Dow, and did not know how to answer her letters. She had one or two depressing illnesses. Her apartment was poorly heated, and I brought her an electric heater. I remember how miserable she seemed—though she never lost a certain liveliness—wrapped up in an old flannel bathrobe and bundled in shabby covers. Above the bed was a modern painting, all fractured geometrical planes that vaguely delineated a female figure, which the Millay girls called Directions for Using the Empress.

IT WAS DECIDED she should go abroad. She had never been in Europe, and she wanted to get away from the Village. She had begun to do for *Vanity Fair* the satirical dialogues and sketches which were published under the pseudonym "Nancy Boyd," and this made it possible for Crowninshield to pay her a regular allowance. He did his best to induce Edna to sign these pieces with her own name—he offered her, in fact, more money; but she never would compromise about her work. No matter how confused her life became, she was always clear about this. If one compares the contents of "Figs from Thistles," written in the same year as the poems in "Second April," with the contents of the other book, one can see that she imposed on herself a pretty rigorous critical standard. She would not mix with her serious work any of the merely cute feminine pieces that had something in common with the songs that the sisters made up for their own amusement, nor any of the easier lyrics that reflected the tone of the women's mag-

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azines. This serious work, never loosely written, was tragic, almost pessimistic (though the best of her lighter verse had the same sort of implications). It was natural that Hardy and Housman should have been among her admirers. From Housman she partly derived (Mr. Sheean, in asserting that Edna Millay owed nothing to any other poet since Shakespeare, has neglected this important exception), and she was closer to this masculine stoicism than to the heartbreak of Sara Teasdale. It was this tough intellectual side combined with her feminine attraction that made her such a satisfactory companion, and that persuaded so many men that they had found their ideal mate. She was quite free from the bluestocking's showing-off, but she did have a rather schoolmarmish side—which rapped Mr. Sheean's knuckles when he put out a cigarette in his coffee cup. In just this way I have heard her complain of the vandalisms of Greenwich Villagers who made a point of scorning bourgeois sanctions. And so she reprimanded me once when I tried to fulfil my editorial function by urging her to sign her name to her Nancy Boyd articles. Her attitude was: "Don't you know it's impolite to the teacher and reflects on the home you come from to throw chalk around in class?"

I tried to help her get on with these sketches, at the time when she was not yet well, by typing to her dictation, but she was anything but a facile writer and she insisted on putting in as comic lines remarks I had just made in earnest. We had at this time some wonderful conversations, at which quite a lot of bootleg gin was drunk, and even in that dreadful form, this exhilarating bitter liquor has always kept for me a certain glamour that others have not acquired. On one of these occasions she recited to me the fragments of a long poem she had started, called Epitaph for the Race of Man. This was something quite different from the sonnet sequence that she published in 1934. It was written, like Renascence, in iambic tetrameter; but it was equally evolutionary: there were monkeys, though not yet, I think, dinosaurs. It surprised me, for it was purely philosophical, and it gave me a new idea of her range. One evening we set out to talk French in preparation for her coming trip. I remarked that her ex-admirers ought to organize an alumni association—to which she answered with promptness and point: "On en parle toujours, mais on ne le fait jamais." John Bishop and I, who had realized that we were both quite out of the running without, however, we thought, having yet been superseded by a serious rival, had renewed our good relations and spent an evening with her together, just before she left, on our old high and festive basis. But neither of us saw her off. I think that we were both afraid of the possible unknown others we might have to confront on the pier.

THAT I MISSED HER may be seen from the following poem. I had read the "Georgics" of Virgil in the summer of 1922, and the phrase *in luminis oras*—which he uses in connection with the sprouting plants that reach upwards to "the shores of light"—though a conventional Latin formula that had appeared in the older poets, had echoed in my head with the accent of pathos that haunts even fertility in Virgil, and eventually gave me a motif.

Shut out the Square!
Though not for grayness and the rainy path.—
For that intolerable aching air
Of meetings long resolved to silences
And absences like death—
For the throat a moment lifted, the wide brow shaken free,
Where there was neither leaf nor wind
A dryad by her tree—
Against the narrow door that closed the narrow hall,
Blank then but for a night that now for all
With blankness wounds the mind.

Gaze out with steady glare!
Present the tough unbroken glove!
For suddenly you heard to-night
Your voice that speaks and saw your hands that write,
Yet never speak nor write the name they love—
And knew the hours were waves that wash away
Farther each day to sea the summer sound
Of children shrill and late, of summer hours that run
Late, late, yet never sleep and never tire,
Before they meet the sun.
We spoke the sudden words, the words already known—
We spoke, and spoke no more, for tongues were fire.
Now, watching from this shore at last, alone
I seem to wait the turning of that tide
That ebbs for ever.
Children, waking to the day,
Cry out for joy.
My stubborn heart to-night
Divines the fate of souls who have not died,
Buried in sullen shadows underground—
That reach for ever toward the shores of light.

II

I SAW her in Paris in the summer of 1921. She had made new friends and, both there and in England, was having, I think, a very good time. I had the impression that Europe frightened her less than New York, but she must have continued to live with considerable recklessness, for at the end of two years abroad she was in very bad shape again. Returned home at the beginning of 1923, she married, in July, Eugen Boissevain, just before she went to the hospital for a serious operation. She had met him at Croton since she had come back from Europe, and had first got to know him in a round of charades. He was a Dutchman with an Irish mother, the son of the editor of the largest Dutch newspaper and himself a coffee importer, with offices in New York. He had been married to Inez Milholland, a Vassar girl who had practiced law and become a famous public champion of labor causes and women's rights, who had died in 1917. He was a gentleman and had once been quite well-to-do. Max Eastman, in his autobiographical "Enjoyment of Living," describes him at the time of his first marriage as "handsome and muscular and bold, boisterous in conversation, noisy in laughter, yet redeemed by a strain of something feminine that most men except the creative geniuses lack." With no particular talent or bent of his own, it was possible for him only vicariously to express this imaginative and sensitive side, and he was led, as it were, to the special vocation of assisting the careers of gifted women. He was twelve years older than Edna, and, although, as Max Eastman says, he had "the genius, the audacity, and the uncompromising determination to enjoy the adventure of life," he made one feel that he had always behind him a stout background of Dutch burgher stability. She had made a very sound choice. He took her on a trip to the Orient and then bought a large farm at Austerlitz, New York, where they settled in 1925 and lived for the rest of their lives.

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I used to see and correspond with her occasionally. I have a memory of calling on her once in January, 1924, in the tiny little house in Bedford Street, 75½, where they lived before they went to the country. I found her absorbed in a paint catalogue, of which she made the special shades of color and their often delightful names start into a relief that seemed almost as vivid as the voices of the Fifth Symphony when she had played it on the phonograph in Truro. From a notebook of 1928—it must have been early in the year, since "The Buck in the Snow" had not yet come out—I learn that she "summoned me to the Vanderbilt to talk about [her] bobolink poem," about which I seem to have been only moderately enthusiastic. "You mean you think it sounds like Mary Carolyn Davies!" I find she replied to my criticisms. "I said," my record continues, "that at the time she had written 'Second April' she had been under so many kinds of pressure that the people who read her poems hardly thought about them as literature at all: there had been an element of panic about them. She said, 'Yes, and I still want to knock 'em cold!' For two cents she would tear up the bobolink proof and not let the *Delineator* have it. . . . She looked quite beautiful, very high pink flush, and brown dress that brought out her color." I noted, also, Boissevain's "protective attitude" and his saying that her recent work was "more objective." He was right, and the volume of lyrics called "The Buck in the Snow"—the first she had published since "The Harp Weaver" of 1923—which came out later that year, contained work of a much less desperate, a more contemplative kind, which included, along with the bobolink, several of her finest poems: Dawn, The Cameo, Sonnet to Gath, On Hearing a Symphony of Beethoven.

This book contained also a piece that I read with both pleasure and embarrassment, for I recognized it—she afterwards confirmed this—as an account of an evening we had spent together—it must have been sometime that same winter, when I had been living in a little room on West Thirteenth Street opposite a taxi garage and just around the corner from Eighth Avenue. I had read her the Latin elegiacs that A. E. Housman had prefixed to his Manilius and a translation of them I had made; some of Yeats's latest poems, which she had not seen; and James Joyce's "Pomes Penyeach," as to which I thought her rather old-fashioned for objecting that the title cheapened them, as if he had let them go as the work of some "Nancy Boyd." I do not remember behaving as she describes (as people seem so often to say). I think she must have combined this occasion with some memory from our earlier phase, but it is painful to me to reread this poem today and to feel again, in retrospect, how much I must have hated to part from her.

PORTRAIT

Over and over I have heard,
As now I hear it,
Your voice harsh and light as the
scratching of dry leaves over the hard
ground,
Your voice forever assailed and shaken
by the wind from the island
Of illustrious living and dead, that never
dies down,
And bending at moments under the
terrible weight of the perfect word,
Here in this room with fire, without
comfort of any kind,
Reading aloud to me immortal page after
page conceived in a mortal mind.
Beauty at such moments before me like
a wild bright bird
Has been in the room, and eyed me, and
let me come near it.

I could not ever nor can I to this day
Acquaint you with the triumph and the
sweet rest
These hours have brought to me and
always bring,—
Rapture, coloured like the wild bird's neck
and wing,
Comfort, softer than the feathers of its
breast.
Always, and even now, when I rise to go,
Your eyes blaze out from a face gone
wickedly pale;
I try to tell you what I would have you
know,—
What peace it was; you cry me down;
you scourge me with a salty flail;
You will not have it so.

She had said to me in the course of that evening that the only bad feature of Austerlitz was its not being near the sea, of which she had a permanent need, that the hills and the woods walled her in and sometimes made her feel imprisoned (this was, as I now can see, one of the phases of her recurrent claustrophobia). I suppose it was to remedy this that they later bought their island in Maine. In the May of 1928, I had a wire from her inviting me to Austerlitz for a week-end. I went, and it was pleasant, as I learn from my notes—the prospect of seeing her again must, as usual, have stimulated my perceptions—to find myself on the train, in the widening landscape of upstate New York, with its dark and thick-bristling hills, today blurred with mist at the tops and misted at the bases with fruit-blossoms; and, in intervals of reading Proust's letters to Mme Sheikévitch, I looked out on the long roads leading over these hills, the white houses and little red cabins and large-looming tarnished barns, the stone fences that lay in loose meshes, the small faded rural hotels that so often stood opposite the stations—with the soddenly wet gray day superimposed rather queerly on the freshest greenness of spring. There were desolate yellow freight cars trailing along the route, and the timbery marshes were studded with the rank green of skunk-cabbage leaves. The ponds and the stream had a dark smooth luster even under the rain, but the foam of the apple blossoms, like some dirty sheep in a pasture, seemed yellowed by the turbid weather. A growth of squarish, whitish houses in the bowl of one of the valleys seemed almost a product of the damp, like the skunk-cabbage in the swamp.

At Austerlitz—hirsute hills—the overcast sultry weather seemed brooding like a mother bird over the not yet quite opening beauties of spring, the little pink fruit-tree buds that were just on the point of bursting. The birds themselves seemed subdued, and Edna, when I reached the Boissevains' place, said that she imagined the farm hands—"ominously silent," also—perched somewhere with their heads under their wings. I had, on my side, been saving for her a simile and remarked that on one of the lawns I had passed the dandelions had looked like grated egg on spinach. We were neither of us quite at our best perhaps, but we always made a certain effort. Above the Boissevains' house—called Steepletop—a big densely green tree-grown hill, with the flat effect of a tapestry, was stitched with distinct white birch.

Gene Boissevain, when I arrived, was planting a border of pansies with a gardener's intent application; but his attention seemed soon to flag, for he

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began singing cockney songs at the top of his voice. Then he addressed himself to oiling the lawnmower; then suddenly dropped it and proposed a drink. There was a comfortable living-room, in which, as one first came into it, one was startled at being confronted by a dark black human head staring fixedly and almost fiercely from eyes that had black irises and glowing whites: a bronze bust of Sappho, painted black, on an immense marble pedestal, which an admirer had sent Edna from Italy. There were also hangings from India, golden birds on a background of green, that she had brought back from her first trip to London. We did a good deal of leisurely drinking, all in the gamut of apple products, on which people who lived in the country much depended under Prohibition: apple brandies and apple wines that ranged in color from citron to amber. Edna was interesting herself in the local animals and birds and trees, which begin to turn up in "The Buck in the Snow"; but we decided not to go for a walk, as it had been earlier proposed to do. They had a sensitive German police dog, who, when Boissevain had given her a scolding, would drag herself into the room, bumping against the chairs, as if her hind legs were paralyzed. They thought she was a case for Freud.

There was a piano in the living-room, and the next morning I asked her to play. I had not heard her since years before, when she had taken off her rings and left them on the piano in my apartment in Sixteenth Street, and I had found in my mailbox the next morning a note dated "three p. m. (out to get food)"—since she lived only a few blocks away—asking me to bring them back. She had now, she told me, taken up music again and was trying to work regularly at it. She was studying a sonata of Beethoven and played parts of it with her bright alive touch, dropping them, however, with impatience at the raggedness of her own performance. Then she got out a lot of new poems, over which we had a long session. It brought her back to her old intensity. She was desperately, feverishly anxious not to let her standard down. She sometimes kept a poem for decades before she got it into satisfactory form. I remember one ambitious piece called Pittsburgh Rose, on which she had been working that summer, that impressed me very much at the time but that she never got to the point of publishing—also Menses, which was not printed till "Huntsman, What Quarry?" in 1937.

I tried to relieve the strain that was inevitably set up between us by talking about current ideas and books—to which at that time she paid little attention—and by telling her a gag of Joe Cook's, which I had also been saving for her, because it was a little in her own vein. Cook, in his latest show, had exhibited to the audience two shower baths and explained they were his own invention: the remarkable thing about them was that you could have a complete shower without taking off your clothes and without getting them wet. He introduced to the audience two men in full evening dress, wearing silk hats. They stepped into the showers and pulled the curtains —the sound of water was heard. Joe Cook then jerked open the curtains, and the gentlemen emerged drenched. Cook turned to the audience and said, "I have never been more embarrassed in my life!" But even as I was telling this and Edna was laughing at it, I was chilled by the awful seriousness of the implications it was taking on.

The next summer I was visiting near Austerlitz and called on the Boissevains one afternoon. While we were talking, it began to grow dark, and the living-room was half in shadow. There were a number of people there, and the conversation was general. I had a curious and touching impression, as Edna sat quiet in a big chair, that—torn and distracted by winds that had swept her through many seas—she had been towed into harbor and moored, that she was floating at anchor there.

IT WAS DIFFICULT for the romantics of the twenties to slow down and slough off their youth; when everything had seemed to be possible and they had been able to treat their genius as an unlimited checking account. One could always still resort to liquor to keep up the old excitement, it was a kind of way of getting back there; the old habit of recklessness was hard to drop, the scorn for safe living and expediency, the need to heighten the sensations of life. Edna had now been led back to something like the rural isolation of her girlhood, and in her retreat she had no children to occupy her, to compel her to outgrow her girlhood. Though I did not see much of her through all these years, I got the impression that she was alternating between vigorously creative periods when she produced the firm-based strong-molded work that represented her full artistic maturity—"Fatal Interview" and "Epitaph for the Race of Man"—and dreadful lapses into depression and helplessness that sometimes lasted for months. I did not encourage her to talk about these; but I remember her telling me on one occasion, not very long after her marriage, when she had apparently spent weeks in bed, that she had done nothing but weep all the time; and on another she startled me by saying, in the midst of showing me her poetry: "I'm *not* a pathetic character!" This must have been in 1928, at the time when she was still a romantic figure and a fabulously popular poet, imitated, adored, and envied all over the United States, who was able to make big fees by reading her poems in public. Through all this Eugen Boissevain must have been inexhaustibly patient, considerate, and comprehending. He had given his whole life to Edna. He dropped his business and seriously worked the farm. He accompanied her on the triumphs of her reading tours and saw her through the ordeals of her hospitals. He arranged for her a social life—it is reflected, I suppose, to some extent, in "Conversation at Midnight"—of a kind that she could never have made for herself, which afforded her more "human" contacts than were possible in the exhausting relationships that were natural to her passionate spirit. Yet she continued, from time to time, to follow her old pattern of escape by breaking away from her domestic arrangements. The sequence of sonnets called "Fatal Interview"—certainly one of her most successful works and one of the great poems of our day—was evidently the product of such an episode. It is, I think, unique among her poems in representing the lover as wanting to end the affair before the poet is willing to let him go.

I DID NOT SEE her for nineteen years after my call of 1929. It was not till 1944 that I seem even to have written her again. I had been astonished and worried by the poetry she had been pub-

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lishing during the war, on a level of war-time journalism of which I had not imagined her capable. I tried to explain it as partly due to the natural anxieties of Eugen when Holland was seized by Hitler, and I remembered Henry James's description, in his life of William Wetmore Story, of Mrs. Browning's "feverish obsession" with the Italian Risorgimento. "It is impossible," says James, "not to feel, as we read, that to 'care,' in the common phrase, as she is caring is to entertain one's convictions as a malady and a doom. . . . We wonder why so much disinterested passion . . . should not leave us in a less disturbed degree the benefit of the moral beauty. We . . . end by asking ourselves if it be not because her admirable mind, otherwise splendidly exhibited, has inclined us to look in her for that saving and sacred sense of proportion, of the free and blessed *general*, that great poets, that genius and the high range of genius, give us the impression of even in emotion and passion, even in pleading a cause and calling on the gods." I concluded that when women of genius got carried away by a cause, this was the kind of thing that deplorably sometimes happened. But I thought that, since she had come to that pass, she probably needed artistic encouragement; the reviewers were giving her plenty of scolding.

So I wrote her a letter in which I refrained from mentioning her war verse at all but congratulated her on the album of her recordings, which, although it had been made some time before, in 1941, I had only recently bought. One of the poems she had recorded was The Harp-Weaver, for which I had not much cared when it first appeared. I had told her that it was one of her poems that belonged in a woman's magazine, and was surprised when she defended it strongly, as she did not always do with her work when it verged on the sentimental. I had known that it was about her own mother, and the volume was dedicated to Cora Millay. During the years when Edna had been living in Europe, she had arranged to bring her mother over—which, with her own meager resources at that time, could not have been easy to manage; and I knew how devoted she was to the debonair, hard-bitten old lady who had worked for her and educated her. But I did not know with how much effectiveness she had put it into the Harp-Weaver poem—or, at least, into her reading of it, for it is better to hear than to read: the loneliness, the poverty, the unvalued Irish heritage, the Spartan New England self-discipline, the gift of artistic creation and intellectual distinction—her mother had taught Edna to write verse at four and to play the piano at seven—that the mother had been able to transmit. She had made of it something dramatic and almost unbearably moving, a record of the closest relationship that Edna, up to then, I suppose—that is, up to her marriage—had ever known. I wrote her something of this, and I told her that John Bishop had died that spring. I heard nothing from her for two years; then, in the summer of 1946, I received from her this strange letter:

Steepletop,
August, 1946.

. . . It is two years now since I received your letter. You had bad news to tell me: the death of John Bishop. Even now, that seems unlikely* . . How you must have missed him that summer, and how you still must miss him, is something that I would rather not go into in my mind. For it would make me ache, only to think of it . . and I don't like aching, any more than anybody else . .

You told me also, in that letter, that you liked my recorded readings from my poems. That pleased me enormously. I had felt pretty sure, myself, that they were good, but your verdict was like an Imprimatur to me . .

Your letter reached me at a time when I was very ill indeed, in the Doctors Hospital in New York. I was enjoying there a very handsome—and, as I afterwards was told, an all but life-size—nervous breakdown. For five years I had been writing almost nothing but propaganda. And I can tell you from my own experience, that there is nothing on this earth which can so much get on the nerves of a good poet, as the writing of bad poetry . . Anyway, finally I cracked up under it. I was in the hospital a long time . .

This does not explain, of course, why, when I got out and came home, after I got well and strong again, still I did not write you . . But here, happily for me, and for you, I can save ourselves the cumbersome explaining, by reminding you of a letter of Gerard Hopkins . . In this letter he makes apology—I forget to whom; possibly to Robert Bridges, although, somehow, I think not—for having been so slow in answering. And he states —not in these words at all, but this is the meaning of it—: that the driving of him-

*The double dots are her own punctuation; they do not indicate omissions.

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self by himself to make the beginning of a letter, is almost more than his strength can support. When once he has forced himself to begin the letter, he says, the going is not so bad . . Well, I, too, suffer from that disease. For it is a disease. It is as real, and its outlines are quite as clear, as in a case of claustrophobia, or agoraphobia . . I have named it, just in order to comfort myself, and to dignify this pitiful horror with a name, epistolaphobia . . I say, "I, too, suffer from that disease." But I think I have it very much worse than he had. For after all, he did write many letters . . And I don't . . It is sheer desperation and pure panic—lest, through my continued silence, I lose your friendship, which I prize—that whips me to the typewriter now. I don't know where you are. But I think, and I think it often, "Wherever he is, there he still is, and perhaps some day I shall see him again, and we shall talk about poetry, as we used to do."

I have just finished learning by heart Matthew Arnold's Scholar Gypsy,—such a lovely poem. I had wanted for years to know it by heart, but it had always looked a bit long to me . . It is not at all difficult, however, to learn by heart stanza by stanza; it is so reasonable. I have also learned by heart The Eve of St. Agnes and Lamia. Lamia, let me tell you, is a very long poem. And Keats, in both these poems, makes it as tricky as possible for you, by shifting all the time from "thou" to "you," and by whisking you suddenly from the past tense into the present tense . . To get these passages into your memory, and exact, is really quite a chore. I have learned by heart, of Shelley, not only To the West Wind—and surely the second stanza of that poem is as fine a thing as ever was written in English—but also the Hymn to Intellectual Beauty—a devil to learn by heart. Anyway, I have them all now. And what evil thing can ever again even brush me with its wings?

With love, as ever,

Edna

. . . I am sending you, here—enclosed, three new poems of my own. I hope, of course I hope very much, that you will like them. But don't—oh, for God's sake, don't for one moment—feel that you must write me something about them, or, indeed, in any way acknowledge this letter at all. I would not put so great a burden upon the shoulders and upon the brain of the person that in all the world I hated the most . . I do not need your answer. I am happy enough as it is. For I have at last, after two years of recurring spiritual torment, been able to flog myself into writing a very simple letter to a dear and trusted friend. E.

I forgot to tell you, even though I was speaking of Father Hopkins, that I have also learned by heart at least one-third of his published poetry. Have you ever tried to learn him by heart?— It is great fun, very exciting, difficult.

IN THE AUGUST of 1948 I was attending the Berkshire Music Festival and, discovering that Austerlitz was not far away, I called up the Boissevains and went over with my wife to see them. I had not seen them for nineteen years, and when I had inquired about them of such friends as I happened to meet, they had not seemed to know much about them either. As we drove through the long tunnel of greenery that led to the Steepletop house, I felt, as I had not done before, that Edna had been buried out there. Gene Boissevain came out in his working clothes. He shuffled in his leather moccasins; he had aged: he was graying and stooped. I had a feeling that his morale was low. "I'll go and get my child," he said. I did not realize at first that this meant Edna. I found in the living-room most of the things that had been there in 1929: the scaring Ethiopian Sappho, the golden birds on the "Tree of Life." But the birds were paler, their background was gray; the couches looked badly worn. The whole place seemed shabby and dim. I had the feeling that it was so long ago that they had set up keeping house together that they had ceased to notice the room, that they never did anything to freshen it up. One saw, standing outside the window, three rusty old tin oil barrels, on which Edna could put food for birds without having it stolen by the squirrels. In one corner, a litter of copybooks covered table, couch, chair, and floor.

In a few minutes Edna came in, wearing slacks and a white working shirt, open at the neck. It was a moment before I recognized her. She had so changed in the nineteen years that if I had met her unexpectedly somewhere I am sure I should not have known her. She had become somewhat heavy and dumpy, and her cheeks were a little florid. Her eyes had a bird-lidded look that I recognized as typically Irish, and I noticed for the first time a certain resemblance to her mother. She was terribly nervous; her hands shook; there was a look of fright in her bright green eyes. Eugen brought us martinis. Very quietly he watched her and managed her. At moments he would baby her in a way that I had not seen him use before but that had evidently become habitual,

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when she showed signs of bursting into tears over not being able to find a poem or something of the kind. My wife said afterward that Gene gave the impression of shaking me at her as if I had been a new toy with which he hoped to divert her.

Edna said that she had been writing in the last two months and was very much excited about it, because, for two years before that, she had not been able to work. She talked about her war-time poetry as an error that she frankly confessed to. She knew that she had deserved the reviews she got, but had been hurt by them, nevertheless. She said that she had been dismayed when this handful of political verses—under the title "Make Bright the Arrows"—had been issued in the same format as her other books, as if she meant it to stand beside them, for she had intended a paper-bound pamphlet that could circulate quickly and be read and thrown away. I was confirmed in my supposition that these poems had been inspired by loyalty to Eugen when he talked about his family in Holland. One of his cousins had been tortured and killed; others had had hairbreadth escapes. Edna now constantly sent them packages. She always spoke of "our relatives," and one could see that she was very much attached to them. She had visited them in Holland and had even learned the language. My wife knows Holland and understands Dutch, and, for her benefit, Edna produced and read a poem she had written in Dutch. She showed us a good deal of her poetry, much of it in an unfinished state. It was of an almost unrelieved blackness. I could see that she was just emerging from some terrible eclipse of the spirit.

I had difficulty in adjusting myself to Edna in her present phase. There was something more distressing than the old anxiety that she had shown before in discussing her verse: a pressure that she now put upon you for assurance, approval, praise, and even in those moments when she sounded like a good-natured healthily laughing elderly woman, this, too, was a person I did not know, and these moments, as it were interpolated, seemed to leave her more nervous still. But the nervousness wore off with the drinks, as did my feeling of strangeness about her. This was, after all, the girl, the great poet, I knew, groping back *in luminis oras* from the night of the underworld. She had tackled Catullus's bitter poem, *Si qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas . . .* ; and I could see that the last lines,

> Ipse valere, opto et taetrum nunc deponere morbum.
> O di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea!

had for her a special and desperate meaning. She was afraid that the translation she had sketched would not do the poem justice; and she told us that, when she had sat on the judges' committee for the Guggenheim fellowships, she had not been able to bring herself to vote for Horace Gregory, in spite of his list of distinguished supporters, on account of the badness of his translations of Catullus. But she had had some misgivings since—wasn't it better, perhaps, that the Latinless public should be able to get Catullus, even in an imperfect version. Eugen pulled her up: "Remember," he said, "that was the kind of thing you thought about your war poetry—that it was important to rouse the country." I thought this was very shrewd of him. We talked about John Bishop's poetry, of which I had sent her the collected volume, brought out after his death. She said that his poems had "more overtones" than those of any other contemporary poet: "It's like a row of poplars on a river, with another row reflected in the river." I told her how impossible it had been for me, though John had talked about his illness, to realize that the gloom of his poetry had a real and serious cause or to guess that it announced the approach of death. "Yes: he was despairing," she said.

I was reminded of the little Estonian folk-song that I had loved so when she sang it in Truro, and I asked her about the anthology in which it had appeared. She didn't know where to find it, but, after reflecting a moment, she was able to recover the song, with its sweet little plaintive tune and her own bitter-sweet words. I inquired about the original version of the "Epitaph for the Race of Man"—I had been surprised by its coming out in such a different form from that of the version I had heard in 1920; and she told me that she had lost her first draft, of which she could now recall only scraps. Wanting Elena to hear her read, I asked her to recite The Poet and His Book. As she did so, the room became so charged with emotion that I

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BATON ROUGE 3

began to find it difficult to bear. I could not weep, I did not want her to weep, and though Elena thought we should have stayed, I soon insisted on leaving.

I told myself that Edna was even more fatiguing than she had been in her younger days, and I reasserted my middle-aged indifference. It was too much for me, at fifty-three, to go back to that old state of mind, so demandingly, imprisoningly personal. The whole thing was like one of those dreams that I had never quite ceased to have, in which I found myself with Edna again—though in these dreams she had sometimes seemed faded and shrunken, never ruddy and overblown as I saw her now. The gap of the almost two decades was something that, encountering the real woman, I could not accept or take in. I had found them there, Edna and Eugen, just as I had left them in 1929, and this latest visit connected itself with my glimpses of that summer long past, not with anything that had happened between. It became like the fears and desires, the revived emotions, of sleep; and the changes in her were like the old images of dreams that come to us exaggerated, distorted, swollen with longing or horror. So she was still, although now in a different way, almost as disturbing to me as she had ever been in the twenties, to which she had so completely belonged—for she could not be a part of my present, and to see her exerted on me a painful pull, as if to drag me up by the roots, to gouge me out of my present personality and to annihilate all that had made it. My own life was now organized and grounded, I had children to worry and divert me; and from my present point of view, besides, it disturbed me to find Edna and Eugen haunting like deteriorated ghosts their own comfortable old house in the country. I tried to imagine their lives.

They were evidently very hard up—a certain income that Gene had from Java had ceased at the time of the war, and Edna could no longer give readings; they never seemed to see anyone or go anywhere. When we asked them to come to Tanglewood—an hour's drive away—and go with us to one of the concerts, I was astonished to find that Edna, who loved music so, had no idea at all of what the festival had become and assumed that the concerts were still held under canvas as they had not been since the very first years. We could not persuade her to go. Gene had said that he would ask us to dinner, but "I'm the only thing in the house—I'm the cook and bottlewasher and maid"—so I assumed that he attended to the house as well as—with little help nowadays—the farm, and cooked all the meals for Edna. But I could not conceive what their daily existence, month after month, had been like or what it would be like in the future. It did not occur to me, as it had not done in connection with John Bishop, that they were both very soon to die. What had desolated and frightened me there was death, to which Eugen was wearily resigned but against which Edna, when I saw her, with the drafts of her unfinished Erebean poems, was making her last fierce struggle.

EUGEN BOISSEVAIN died in the autumn of 1949. I had wondered already, at the time of our visit, what would happen to Edna if he should die first. All I was able to learn about her was that she was still living out at Steepletop. The night of October 20, 1950, I had a long dream about Edna. It began with a kind of revival of the longing I had had for her in the twenties, and she came to me in her old dream-shape, which was so much more familiar to me than that in which I had seen her last; but then it turned into a conversation that was taking place in the present. I was telling her about John Bishop's relations with another contemporary poet, who had sat at his feet and learned from him, then later had become better known than John and treated him, I had thought, rather shabbily. The next evening I heard of her death, which had taken place the day before, apparently very early on the morning of the nineteenth (Mr. Sheean gives the erroneous impression that she died the morning of the twenty-first). She had been living alone in the house and had evidently sat up all night reading the proofs of Rolfe Humphries' translation of the "Aeneid," which were found in the living-room. She must have been going upstairs at dawn and have felt faint and sat down on a step. She had set down on the step just above her a glass of wine she was carrying. A man who came in to do the chores found her there the next afternoon. My dream was probably prompted by Sartre's book on Baudelaire, which I had been reading

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that night in bed and which must have led me to Edna by way of the translation of the "Fleurs du Mal" that she and George Dillon had made, which I had recently been rereading; and it was motivated partly, no doubt, by my wanting, in my sleep, to have somebody to listen to my literary gossip and somebody from old times to talk to, but partly, I believe, also, by the impulse to console her in this vicarious way for the neglect that she, too, had been suffering. And I may have had some sort of intuition about what had happened the morning before. I do not mean anything supernatural, but the kind of sympathetic sense of the rhythms of another's life that may sometimes persist in absence, as I had had, in 1944, the feeling that she needed support, at the time of her nervous breakdown.

[*Mr. Wilson's Memoir of Miss Millay will appear in a new book by him called "The Shores of Light: A Literary Chronicle of the Twenties and Thirties," which is to be published next fall by Farrar, Straus and Young.*]

U. S. S. R.: The Early Years

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION, 1917-1923. Volume Two of A History of Soviet Russia. By Edward Hallett Carr. The Macmillan Company. $6.

NOWADAYS it has become banal to declare that history is always written from a distinctive intellectual point of view. Like many banalities, this one is not necessarily correct, and may merely mark the exchange of one fashion in self-deception for another. After all, events either happened in a certain way in the past or they did not, even if the pattern may at times be beyond human recovery or discovery. But the contemporary intellectual vogue does have the advantage of making both historians and their reviewers explicitly aware of the standpoints from which they write.

Anyone who is familiar with Professor Carr's outstanding writings on international politics and Russian affairs will expect freedom from the moralistic blindfold that has affected so much American and English work on these topics. To place such a brilliant mind as Carr's in an intellectual pigeonhole is of course impossible. Nevertheless, in the two volumes which have thus far appeared in Carr's history of the Soviet Union, I feel that he has taken the position of an intelligent Bolshevik—too intelligent and too independent to have survived for long in the regime whose early stages he analyzes here. The greater portion of what he says would be anathema to the present rulers of the U. S. S. R., whose regard for historical fact is somewhat less than scrupulous. Yet the treatment is largely Marxist, with overtones of sympathy for Lenin's original objectives. In this volume, as in the first, this sympathy becomes quite explicit in occasional revealing phrases. One of the more striking is the observation on page 14 that the Bolsheviks avoided the "insidious danger which had overtaken the German [Socialist] Party" of becoming a gradualist group satisfied with orderly change under capitalist auspices. Yet to reject this book as a mere apologia would be an act of parochialism and a sign of inability to make essential intellectual distinctions.

In the work as a whole Professor Carr has chosen to stress trends and institutions rather than single events and personalities, though the importance of the latter is by no means overlooked. The present volume recounts the major economic developments of the period. The central problem, facing both Russia of the Tsars and that of the Commissars, Carr sees as the consequence of beginning industrialism and the spread of Western ideas in an overwhelmingly peasant society. Three aspects of the problem's protean forms after 1917 draw most of the author's attention. One was the question of how to utilize the forces of an elemental peasant upheaval, when the Bolsheviks' own plans for the peasantry went counter to these immediate demands. The second question was similar. How would a party that represented itself as the spearhead of proletarian discontent reimpose the discipline necessary in any industrial society, and bring together its mines and factories into a functioning whole? The third aspect concerned the way in which the peasants could be forced, or induced, to part with enough food to feed the townspeople, when the town could not supply the village with manufactured goods. The actual content of these questions, the surrounding circumstances under which they arose, and the manner

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in which various leading Bolsheviks approached them, all varied tremendously during the brief period covered by this volume. To highlight them in this fashion inevitably distorts the lucid variety of Carr's narrative. But I hope that it may draw attention to some of the book's most significant points.

Much of the material will be familiar to those who have read the accounts of Dobb and Baykov, whose treatment is somewhat more sympathetic and less politically discerning than Carr's. There is also a variety of specialized studies, such as those by Hubbard, Manya Gordon, Naum Jasny, W. Koch, that have beginning chapters covering much of the same ground. From none of these books, however, can one get the same sense of the interrelationship of the various developments that emerges from Carr's pages. Since the others deal with longer time periods, there is not the same scholarly—yet most unpedantic—exploitation of the sources. Carr is an expert at finding just the right quotation to illustrate or drive home a point. As one who has spent considerable time burrowing in the same sources, I can testify that he has not chosen them to buttress any narrowly conceived thesis. That does not mean that there is no room for disagreement, or that all the sources have been mined out. I wish, for example, that more attention had been given to the often revealing trivia of memoranda, notes, records of telephone calls, and the like, whose preservation and publication have been one useful aspect of the veneration for Lenin. And at the level of interpretation various points are open to severe question. As Jasny's work has shown, the Marxist argument that only socialism could solve the *economic* problem of the peasantry is, to say the least, highly dubious. That no solution other than the one ultimately adopted was compatible with the Bolsheviks' retention of power may be a tenable conclusion. Here, however, one touches on problems for which the present book merely lays the groundwork.

The over-all significance of an intellectual structure still in the process of construction cannot be evaluated. Carr's study can throw but limited light on the problems of the moment, since the structure of Soviet society and of international relationships has fundamentally changed since the date with which his three volumes will close. Yet, for anyone seeking a comprehension of the historical forces that have produced the chief totalitarian power of our age, his work will constitute a major landmark. In this context it suggests comparison with Hannah Arendt's "The Origins of Totalitarianism." Aside from Carr's vastly superior competence in handling Russian developments, the difference appears to be largely one of temperament. Both make considerable use of the Marxist intellectual framework. But where Arendt is passionate, intuitive, and often chaotic, Carr is restrained, balanced, urbane, and slightly mocking. Finally, even though the two books complement each other, they cover only a portion of the totalitarian growth that is a central feature of our century. To understand this development adequately we shall have to draw on other intellectual traditions, in whose eventual synthesis such contributions will be included. BARRINGTON MOORE, JR.

Ecce Roma!

ROME AND A VILLA. By Eleanor Clark. Doubleday and Company. $4.

DRENCHED with sunlight alternating with ominous shade, the scenes of novel after novel by non-Italians revolve about Italy: within two years we have had "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," "Friends and Vague Lovers," and "SPQR." Of these three, the first came closest to the touchstone, but Williams's Rome, accurate and sensitive as is the recording retina, was a small, special Rome and did not pretend to reach beyond that limited scene. We had to wait for a non-fiction title to contrast authenticity of atmosphere with what Bonner and Dunphy offer as a substitute. Almost any page of Eleanor Clark's book is at the true center, more communicative, more freely felt, more informed than the fiction writers have found time to be. "Rome and a Villa" is, of course, not a novel, nor does it aim to catch up the reader with trite or even true nostalgic touches (in this sense, it defies classification as a "travel book"). Instead, it is a distinguished and enthralling collection of non-fiction pieces in which Miss Clark does more than any writer in English in my memory (except possibly Lawrence) to reveal the essence of the Italian spirit.

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All the material is good, some of it better than the rest. The only piece I found weak at all was the one on the bandit, Giuliano. This seemed unnecessary, though it is good reporting. And as the rest of the collection is so specifically not reportage I thought it a pity to have the tone altered, by its inclusion, even so slightly from the heights reached in the early and last sections of the book. Let me cavil at this piece and be done with it: too much is recreated from newspaper accounts of a world with which Miss Clark can thank her stars she has had little to do, the grub's world of the peasant living in an exhausted land. It takes a Garetto, a Vittorini or, on occasion, a Berto, to make you taste the dry bread of the poor, to make you understand the motivation of banditry, always very near the surface in Sicily. This recreation of the Robin Hood myth, which Miss Clark duly qualifies but still rather falls for, is out of place in the Sicilian frame of reference.

But that's enough back-of-the-hand. The rest is all praise. How she impales the succubus, the clerical horde:

> The priests and monks and nuns are shocking: what is this vast population feeding at the expense of the other? So are all their expensive new houses going up on the Janiculum where they already have dozens, while the poor are still in caves and huts in the dumps, having to throw their droppings together with their garbage out the door. All those men and boys in their long skirts always seem to be walking on revolving paddles like little steam-boats. . . . Rome is their port . . . they just paddle through it, being the *pensionnaires* of the greatest real estate firm in Europe.

Or she gets, through her awareness of why the Romans do things, to the core of difference between a centuries-old people and our own:

> You walk close to your dreams. Sometimes it seems that these pulsing crowds, with their daily and yearly rhythms established so long ago none of it has to be decided any more, with their elbows and knees and souls and buttocks touching and rubbing and everybody most pleased and agreeable when it is like that, in a bus for instance, will in another minute be naked, or will have fish tails or horses' behinds like the characters of the fountains. For the Anglo-Saxon mind, ruled by conscience and the romantic, rigid in its privacies, everything here is shocking —an endless revelation and immersion; *this is the vocabulary of our sleep; and the key image is always water* (italics mine).

The passage on Hadrian's villa, the Villa of the title, of course, is pure evocative mastery, pure understanding. It is as much reconstruction of the genius of the place, the brilliant, petulant, creative Emperor, as it is descriptive, atmospheric. A very high point indeed and one that can't have quotes plucked out without impairment. A few of Henry James's letters on Florence achieve this time-spanning understanding, but never could he have spread it over to the less homogeneous Roman world. (Stendhal did, though, recreating *his* Roman world as he sat with a friend in Paris miles away, without notes, but with subtle comprehension of the city in his pulse beat.)

A final paragraph, to show one more facet of Eleanor Clark's eclectic, observing mind:

> LeCorbusier [who had just been quoted as saying "Rome has nothing to offer me"] was speaking admirably too; all that Rome offers was taken into his own great creativity long ago. What is depressing is the number of our own fine arts or architectural school graduates who are either arrogant toward the past because they are creative, or respect it because they are not. The first category is bored in Rome, the second makes even Rome boring.

But Eleanor Clark does not. Remembered corners, a flight of birds, the cats of the Pantheon under the rain, the pace of the piazza in the afternoon, these things come alive in her book. "Ecce Roma!" Yet as she herself says, Where? which Rome? who is seeing it? and at what time of day?

The lovely presentation of this book is integral to its charm. Doubleday has done a stunning but unpretentious job. The pages are handsome, the Eugene Berman drawings and jacket are evocative and right, even the end-papers, a warm Pompeian red, are chosen with taste. Physically, as well as in the head, a thoroughly distinguished job.

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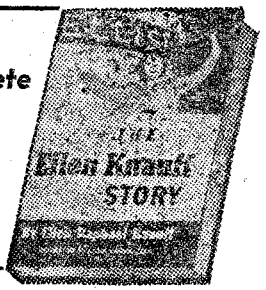

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The "Zone of Silence"

THE SECRET DRAMA OF MY LIFE. By André Gide. Translated by Keene Wallis. Seven Sirens Press. $2.

THIS small volume is, so far as we can know, the last of the Gidean outrages, the final scandal of a man determined to face posterity squarely. Published last year as *"Et Nunc Manet in Te,"* it threw a few further shadows on the serene death-mask, and provoked still another controversy. Once again the outrage lay less in the sins themselves than in the act of public confession—that a great man should choose to expose what anyone else would conceal.

Gide wrote this 10,000-word portrait of his wife shortly after her death in 1938, and to it attached the passages of his "Journal" (relating to her) which do not appear in the Pléiade edition. Its public issue was posthumous. But Gide always feared the censorship of well-meaning friends. He insured himself against it by a 1947 private edition of thirteen copies.

The major revelation (that Gide had no sexual relations with his wife) had long been assumed. Yet even now it is impossible to reconstruct the tragedy fully. We learn that Gide consulted a doctor before marrying, and was reassured that his homosexual impulses would disappear. They broke out ferociously on the honeymoon, however—and now Michel's demonic journey southward in "The Immoralist" seems closer than ever to Gide's personal history. Behind this (or related to it, at least) lay a childhood surrounded by sainted, unfleshly women and an adolescence of spiritual communion with the frightened girl he would marry. "I am amazed today at that aberration which led me to believe that the more my love was ethereal the more it was worthy of her—that naïveté of never asking myself whether an entirely uncarnal love contented her. . . . What I fear that she could not understand is that precisely the spiritual force of my love inhibited all carnal desire." What amazes the reader, of course, is that he never asked *her;* that the "zone of silence" was so vast between two people who loved each other so much, and who were married for forty-three years. It covered more than sexual matters. Gide (who would ask a stranger anything) evidently could not ask his wife which of his books she had read. At best he could reason that she may have seen the last page of *"Si le grain ne meurt"* in the *Nrf,* since that last page faced the first page of a Claudel piece whose pages she had cut. Yet he insists again that he wrote everything before *"Les Faux-Monnayeurs"* for her, in the hope of converting her to a freer life.

The portrait of Madame Gide is—let there be no mistake—a loving portrait. But no woman could have been less suited to an adventurous and polygamous husband. The traumatic experience of discovering her mother's infidelity looms even more importantly than in *"Si le grain ne meurt . . ."* and "Strait is the Gate." The frightened child recedes into a conservative, masochistic, and prematurely aged woman of piety troubled by the debilitating influence of infiltrating foreigners. Only in the infirmity of age does she permit herself some relaxation of spirit. Yet how much she did or did not suffer not even this humble essay can say. To burn all of Gide's letters to her, in 1918 when he went to England with Marc Allégret, was one of the few "spoken" protests of her life. But clearly she was helped to her chronic self-destructiveness by the seeming rejection, by her husband's sexual neglect. "And this deficiency of my desires she doubtless attributed modestly to her insufficient attractiveness."

Now this is the major interest of the present volume, for those of us who reason glibly on the therapeutic value of art. "The Gambler" did not cure Dostoevsky of compulsive gambling, nor did "Adolphe" free Benjamin Constant from compulsive attachments. Yet the minuteness and clarity of Gide's fictional diagnoses ought to have been irresistible. "Strait is the Gate" (1909) dramatized exactly Madame Gide's plight. The clue to Alissa's tragedy (as Gide saw better than any of his critics) lay in the ethereal unaggressiveness of her lover Jerome. It was he who drove her to a final solitude and withdrawal, rather than an illusory God. Gide's novel, frankly based on his own romance, could not have shown more psychological understanding. Yet its author then proceeded to live the part of Jerome. It is only in this essay, thirty years later, that he recovers the insight of his fiction. He takes upon him-

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self, unequivocally, the blame for his wife's progressive self-mutilation.

Thus Gide's astonishing and on the whole successful experiment in living—involving so many loves and so many loved ones who got on surprisingly well with each other—yet left its victim. For not even this widest circle could be drawn around a woman who detested any departure from convention. Had he married instead Elizabeth van Ryssselberge, or her mother, Gide could perhaps have reconciled everyone—wife, mistress, mature homosexual companions, casually encountered Arab boys—not to mention the hundreds of respectable disciples and friends.

But then he would not have been the Gide we know, so capable of both childishness and grandeur. And he would have been, as he puts it, a kite without a string.

ALBERT J. GUERARD

Natural History, with Ideas

THE DESERT YEAR. By Joseph Wood Krutch. William Sloane Associates. $3.75.

SINCE Thoreau there has been, at least in America, a long gap in the recording of natural history from the point of view that is primarily literary, though still careful of its facts. In England, the war-time series, Britain in Pictures, laid stress upon the essential literacy of its writers by mingling such professional natural historians and excellent writers as Fraser Darling and James Fisher with poets such as Geoffrey Grigson and Geoffrey Taylor. Joseph Wood Krutch is an American example of the man who is aware of the differences between various kinds of beetles or cacti, *and* of the vision of Wordsworth. Like all the best modern writers on natural history, he has adopted, to a greater or lesser degree, the ecological outlook which strives to see his subject as a whole, to relate each form of life to each other form—not forgetting man. This outlook, which makes "The Sea Around Us," Jacquetta Hawkes's "A Land," and Joseph Mitchell's brilliant *New Yorker* study of the bottom of New York Harbor so memorable, makes "The Desert Year" a book to be kept and reread.

What "The Desert Year" attempts to do, and is successful in accomplishing, is to record those matters of interest which occur to a sensitive observer in spending a year (or rather a sabbatical fifteen months) watching and recording. Mr. Krutch succeeds in capturing his reader's interest in the strange case of the Sonoran spadefoot toad (*Scaphiopus couchii*) which suddenly appeared singing after a heavy rain and then disappeared, leaving puddles full of tadpoles which dried to nothing before they had time to mature. Where did the adult toads disappear to with the passing of the rain? How did they manage to perpetuate their species? With Mr. Krutch we follow the investigation like devotees of Ellery Queen, and like him we are disappointed when none of the experts can provide an answer to either question. Maybe there is sometimes enough rain to allow the tadpoles to become little toads. Maybe the adults spend the rest of the time buried underground, like the toads (prime specimens of spontaneous generation) mentioned by John Clare and Christopher Smart, which were (and still sometimes are) reported to be found hermetically sealed in rock, despite the experiments of Frank Buckland which proved that, suffering such a fate, the toads all died. Readers can only hope that, if and when Mr. Krutch discovers more, he will send out a postscript.

On the subject of birds, Mr. Krutch is very good indeed, pointing out that the fascination which we feel for them is largely due to the fact that they are brightly colored and move quickly and that, in reality, they are not, "despite the grand mystery of migration," really very interesting creatures: "They stimulate our imaginations but there is not really anything we can learn from them. And for that reason a dead bird is simply not a bird any more. The bubble is pricked; the illusion vanished. What had interested us was not bones and feathers but an idea." Still, he becomes involved, rather despite himself, in numbering one hundred and thirty-eight birds which he has seen in his part of the Arizona desert.

This desert, despite the associations which the word has come to bear, is not barren and infertile like the Sahara or the gypsum dunes of the White Sands of New Mexico, and while perhaps not as crammed with goodies as that absurd island in "Swiss Family

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Robinson," it bears whatever climate and soil will allow. Unlike the richer, damper parts of the world, no plant seems to struggle with others for existence; the struggle is only with the soil, each area supporting only what it can and trying for no more.

Mr. Krutch has certainly succeeded in making the desert appear, to one who has never known it, a real and intensely interesting place. Someday, somehow, the reader feels, I must see it for myself. RUTHVEN TODD

American Journey, 1868

THE AMERICANS AT HOME. By David Macrae. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.50.

CONSIDERING the American appetite for travelers' tales, it is strange that this book, issued in England as long ago as 1871, has only now found a local publisher. Better late than never! Dutton and Company are to be congratulated on their discovery but also scolded for failing to add a memoir of the author and an index.

David Macrae was a Scottish minister who later in life created something of a furore in his native land by expressing doubts about eternal damnation. That apparently was too harsh a doctrine for a man who, as this book shows, was an exceedingly amiable soul. Certainly, he was far more sympathetic with and friendly to the United States than most contemporary British travelers. Unlike Trollope, for instance, who merely admired Americans, Macrae genuinely liked them, which may explain why he was far more successful than that eminent Victorian in making contacts with the man in the street.

Landing in Canada in 1868, the author moved in leisurely fashion via New York and Washington south to New Orleans; thence by train and river-boat to Chicago—"the lightning city"—and back to New England where he thoroughly enjoyed hobnobbing with Longfellow, Emerson, and other notables. A keen reporter with a pleasant sense of humor, his observations still make interesting reading. But his most valuable contribution is his account of the South, then in the throes of reconstruction. He is forthright in expressing his horror of slavery and in explaining its demoralizing influence on both races and he describes with enthusiasm the efforts of the Negroes to educate themselves for freedom aided by Northern friends. But he also views sympathetically the plight of the defeated whites and the problems of readjustment with which they were grappling.

Friendly as he was, Mr. Macrae had no hesitation in expressing disapproval of American traits and institutions that he considered obnoxious. He disliked the election of judges and the patronage system; over-indulgence in pie and spitting and chewing; the prevalence of divorce; and the bad state of city streets. On the other hand, he was generous in his praise of the experimental attitude of Americans and he liked the oysters, hotels, iced water, and Henry Ward Beecher. He shared Trollope's admiration for American education but not his distaste for the railroads.

Reading this book eighty years after it was written, I found myself making notes under two headings—*plus ça change* and *autres temps, autres moeurs.* As an example of the first, take Ben Wade's comment on the Presidential campaign of 1868: "I foresee that the Republican party will take Grant up and run him in with a hurrah. The trouble is, you don't know where he stands." But times do change, as witness Macrae's observation that "American girls are nervous about their thinness, for they are constantly having themselves weighed, and every ounce of increase is hailed with delight, and talked about with the most dreadful plainness of speech." KEITH HUTCHISON

Verse Chronicle

FROM Shakespeare on, and maybe before, the Welsh have had the reputation of embodying the more repulsive aspects of humanity, but they can, look you, they always could, write poetry, even when, as fairly often, they are feeling sorriest for themselves. Six poems, four hundred or so lines, set in rather large type so the book won't look *too* small, is an offering I doubt many American poets could get away with as Dylan Thomas does with his latest collection, "In Country Sleep" (New Directions, $2). And I doubt any American could bring to work in its contrived, derived, or weary moments, which are to

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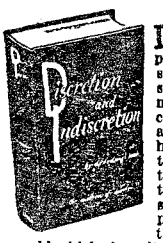

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be found in Mr. Thomas's book, such a rush of resource, such lilt, such energy, such imagination to "hear the bouncing hills grow larked and greener at berry brown/fall and the dew larks sing/taller this thunderclap spring and how/more spanned with angels/ride the mansouled fiery islands!" And how, indeed!

Another recent visitor to our shores is an Englishwoman, Kathleen Raine, whose "Selected Poems" have been issued, bound in paper, by the Weekend Press, New York, price not stated on this reviewer's copy. Correct, cool, interested in dreams and angels, and all the difference in the world between this kind of English, and that kind of Welsh, poetry. Miss Raine also contributes an introduction to another collection edited by the same firm, "Poems" by Humphrey Jennings, 1907-1950. Mr. Jennings was also a painter and member of Grierson's G. P. O. film unit. A considerable portion of this collection looks more like paragraphs in prose than tightly organized or ordered verse. Both these pamphlets, handset in Goudy Old Style type and printed on Arches paper, are handsome in appearance and contain too many errata. (P. S. $2.50, I'm told.)

The firm of A. A. Knopf has reissued in one volume, priced at $3.50, "The Man with the Blue Guitar," including "Owl's Clover" and "Ideas of Order," by Wallace Stevens. It is a little hard to keep up with all these editions. And is it heretical to remark that when Mr. Stevens is letting himself be full of high sentence he is somewhat boring? He strikes me as much happier when he is capering, or cutting up touches, and no matter if the climate of his exuberance has less sense of moisture than that of Dylan Thomas. "Axes and Songs" by Andrew Lazarus, was printed in Finland, presumably at the author's expense, and is said to be on sale at the Gotham Book Mart. The price is not stated; there are limits, I know, to the human imagination, but I do wish some of these citizens, or their publishers, would occasionally be mundane enough to confide in people who might want to buy a book or two how much they are supposed to pay. The technique of Mr. Lazarus is either very awkward, or very original, hard to say until it becomes more sure of itself. What is more certain is that this young American has some respect for the sound of the language, feeling, imagination, and some sense of music in a line.

Two Rilke items have come in: "Rainer Maria Rilke: His Last Friendship," edited by Marcel Ravel, with an Introduction by Edmond Jaloux (Philosophical Library, $2.75), and "The Life of the Virgin Mary," containing the German text with an English translation and introduction by Stephen Spender (same firm, same price). The first volume proves what everybody knows by now: one, that Rilke's friends could gush excessively when reminiscing about him; and, two, that Rilke himself could act pretty silly when it came to the ladies. This one, Nimet Eloui Bey, judging from her picture on jacket and frontispiece, must have been (pardon the vulgarity) a real pipperoo, but oh dear! The Spender translations show Mr. Spender at his best—modest, respectful without being mawkish, in control of his line, and with an imaginative and perceptive understanding of the original.

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

ONE of the year's outstanding events —and one of its surprises, for me— is the Schneider Quartet recordings of Haydn quartets issued by the Haydn Society. At the group's Y. M. H. A. concerts last fall I heard a lot of violin sound, little cello, and almost no viola; but the records produce the correctly balanced sounds of all four instruments. And while at the Y. the playing seemed to me lively and sensitive, now that I hear all four instruments and at close range I am aware of the extraordinary freedom in tempo and inflection with which the musicians give effect to the freedom of Haydn's lively and inventive mind in its excitingly unpredictable course, and the extraordinary way they point up the wonderful details which that mind contrives. And when I say "extraordinary" I mean it literally: no other quartet has played Haydn with such vitality—not even the old Budapest Quartet, whose recorded performance of Opus 54 No. 1 is superb in tone and phrasing, but in the usual suave style.

The works which the Haydn Society has issued so far, two on a record, are the six quartets of Opus 17, the two of Opus 77, Opus 42, and the uncompleted Opus 103. Of these Opus 77 No. 2 is one of the works in which Haydn carries to sheer incandescence the method that delights one in Opus 77 No. 1 and Opus 17 No. 6, achieves outstanding individual movements even in the others of Opus 17, and is never less than interesting elsewhere. As for re-

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corded sound, Opus 17 Nos. 1 and 4, recorded in Perpignan, are a little brash; the others of Opus 17, recorded in New York, require reduction of treble; Opus 42 and Opus 77 No. 1 are edged in loud passages even with treble reduced to minimum; the first movement of Opus 103 also requires reduction of treble to minimum but then isn't bright enough.

Marvelously beautiful playing of Haydn in the usual suave style—marvelous, that is, in its refinement of blended string tone, its ensemble precision and sensitiveness, its delicacy of phrasing—is heard in the Quartetto Italiano's performance of the fine Opus 64 No. 6. And on the reverse side of the London record this playing is heard in Boccherini's lovely Quartet Opus 6 No. 1. The performances are excellently reproduced—though again not with the warmth and luster that one gets from RCA Victor recording of strings.

But also not with the ear-lacerating sharpness and the surface chatter of Columbia's reproduction of Mozart's great String Quintet K.614 played by the Budapest Quartet and Milton Katims, which spoils a performance that is better than the one on the Westminster record. On the reverse side is the superb performance of the Quintet K.516 recorded years ago when Roisman was in good form and Alexander Schneider was second violin—with a sound that is agreeable to the ear but acquires a hash of distortion as it nears the end of the side.

Excessively sharp too is Columbia's reproduction of a performance of Mozart's lovely Clarinet Quintet by the American Art Quartet and Benny Goodman—which is a pity, since the strings play well, Goodman this time phrases sensitively, and the performance is well-paced.

From Victor comes Beethoven's engaging Sonata Opus 24 for violin and piano, with unaffected but surprisingly unimpressive and not always agreeable-sounding playing by Milstein, and superlative playing by Balsam.

And finally I have given myself another chance with some of the late works of Fauré that his devotees consider his best—the Quartet Opus 121, played by the Guilet Quartet, and Sonata Opus 108 for violin and piano, played by Daniel Guilet and Gaby Casadesus, on a Polymusic record; the Sonata Opus 117 for cello and piano, played by David Soyer and Leopold Mittman, which is on another Polymusic record with the early Quartet Opus 15 for piano and strings, played by Mme. Casadesus and members of the Guilet Quartet. The performances are first-rate and beautifully reproduced; but the music I again find uninteresting.

The Sonata Opus 108, played with less refinement of tone and style by Ruth Posselt with Joseph Rezits, is also on a Festival record which offers in addition Haydn and Martinu duets for violin and cello that I don't care for, played by Miss Posselt and Samuel Mayes.

Art

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

WHAT can one say about Paul Cézanne that is new? The big exhibition at the Metropolitan (through May 18) dominates everything else on the art calendar; but there are other concurrent shows by living artists which must not be overlooked. Moreover, the study of Cézanne leads inevitably to the present.

The Cézanne show is in every way the equal of the Van Gogh exhibition of two years ago. Once again the Art Institute of Chicago is co-sponsor. There are 128 oils, watercolors, and drawings. They cover the full range of Cézanne's career, including some lapses, and all the important themes. In addition to most of the best in the United States (always excepting the Barnes Foundation), other works of stature have been imported from Paris, London, Oslo, São Paolo, Johannesburg, and Zurich. They are beautifully displayed. Chronology is respected, but not slavishly. All works, irrespective of medium, have been catalogued in fairly strict temporal sequence. Thus the numbers serve as a guide to Cézanne's development. (I do not understand the displacement of numbers 54 and 76.)

What a change fifty years, or even twenty-five years, have brought! The antagonisms Cézanne aroused in his own lifetime can now be resurrected only by an effort of the mind. The paintings seem as little arguable as those of the Impressionists. Even the vaunted severity of the "classic" pictures of the eighties and nineties is delicately attenuated. Some of them (still-lifes numbers 73 and 87) are gentle, even pretty, like middle Renoirs and late Demuths. The very early and the very late works both seem more modern. Cézanne's influence, however, appears to have progressed backward across his career. The Fauves, particularly Matisse, were deeply indebted to his last works; for the Cubists, the examples of his classic equilibrium were more meaningful; and now his violent early pictures seem the most influential, at least in terms of today's and yesterday's expressionism.

But all of it has settled into the great tradition, even though this was surely

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the most revolutionary art since Caravaggio (if not since Masaccio). The time is therefore ripe for a vast new public to begin to understand, and the present show provides the best possible opportunity. For understanding modern art begins at the precise moment Cézanne's pears stop rolling off the table.

For this reason, I welcome the special exhibit, however elementary it may seem to the aesthetically arrogant, of charts and diagrams organized by the Art Institute of Chicago and displayed on the wall opposite three major examples of Cézanne's work. The analysis of his palette may not be new, but how many have noticed that Cézanne had a habit of arranging the folds of a tablecloth in the shape of the Mont Sainte Victoire?

I shall spare the reader the usual apostrophe to permanence and stillness (which is much overworked in the labels accompanying the exhibit mentioned above), and conclude with a few random comments. This exhibition makes it clear that Cézanne's serenity was hard won, and that it did not last through to the end. Even the Orchard (number 64, of the mid-'80's) is tenuously topheavy, like the early seated portraits of Cézanne's father and of Paul Alexis, both gigantic on rickety little chairs. The late Quarry of Bibémus (number 107), in my opinion the masterpiece of the whole show, owes much of its force to the holes at the base. So does the dramatic early still-life, Black and White (number 12). Notice how, in the sequence of still-lifes, the center of gravity moves upward until finally the motive breaks through the top edge of the frame. Notice also the importance of dark blue and strong orange among the early pictures, how these colors pale in the middle period, and how they return at the end to darkness and nearly full strength.

Gustave Courbet once complained that "there are people who wake up at night, with a start, shouting: 'I want to judge! I must judge!'" The opinion I would offer of the work of Robert Motherwell (Kootz Gallery, through April 19) is much more tentative than that. He has, I think, a fine flair for dramatizing a big surface. Architects and ship designers please take notice. Some of the drawings for the paintings, especially for the Spanish series (one of them is now at the Whitney), seem outrageously thin. But at large scale, all is different. Black and white, or black and ochre, are the dominant chords, sometimes bound or crossed by planes of bright yellow, with and without complementary areas of a rich red violet. Motherwell can excite the eye simply by compressing ovoid shapes held in mid-air by strong vertical bands. There are too few levels of meaning—by Cézanne's standards—but those he accents come off with power. Speaking of old masters, I find Léger a closer parallel. The visitor to the Kootz Gallery may profit from comparing the big oil, Catalonia, with the drawing reproduced in the brochure: the slight differences are instructive as to how Motherwell intensified the push of forms against each other. I am disconcerted, however, to find that Granada (reproduced in Hess's "Abstract Painting," p. 136) is so nearly the same composition. But Motherwell deserves more opportunities than he has had to bring to life a plane in a modern building. Occasionally his bold black and white drawings provoke the same kind of excitement, as in Jewish Candelabra (number 18).

If papa Cézanne had not come to town there would be space to consider William Congdon's Italian landscapes (Betty Parsons Gallery, through April 19) and David Smith's dual show (Willard and Kleemann Galleries, through April 26) which I should have done with enthusiasm. Congdon demonstrates that nostalgia and romantic mystery need not be effete, as they so frequently are in Berman; Smith, that violence, when it is disciplined, spells power. Smith is not always disciplined, but doubters of his power should reserve judgment until seeing his larger works under uncrowded conditions, or better still out of doors. I think his forms do not gain much from being painted, except when the color key is held well down and there is an intrinsic demand from the point of view of clarity, as in Flight.

Despite a prejudice in favor of violence in modern art, I can and do respect the reticence and tact of James Fosburgh (Durlacher, through April 19). His smaller pictures seem to me much the best. He is in love with the old-old masters, from Vermeer through, I should think, Manet.

CORRECTION: In some copies of last week's issue Joseph Wood Krutch's review of "The Grass Harp" was wrongly attributed to Margaret Marshall.

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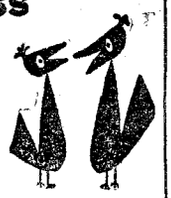

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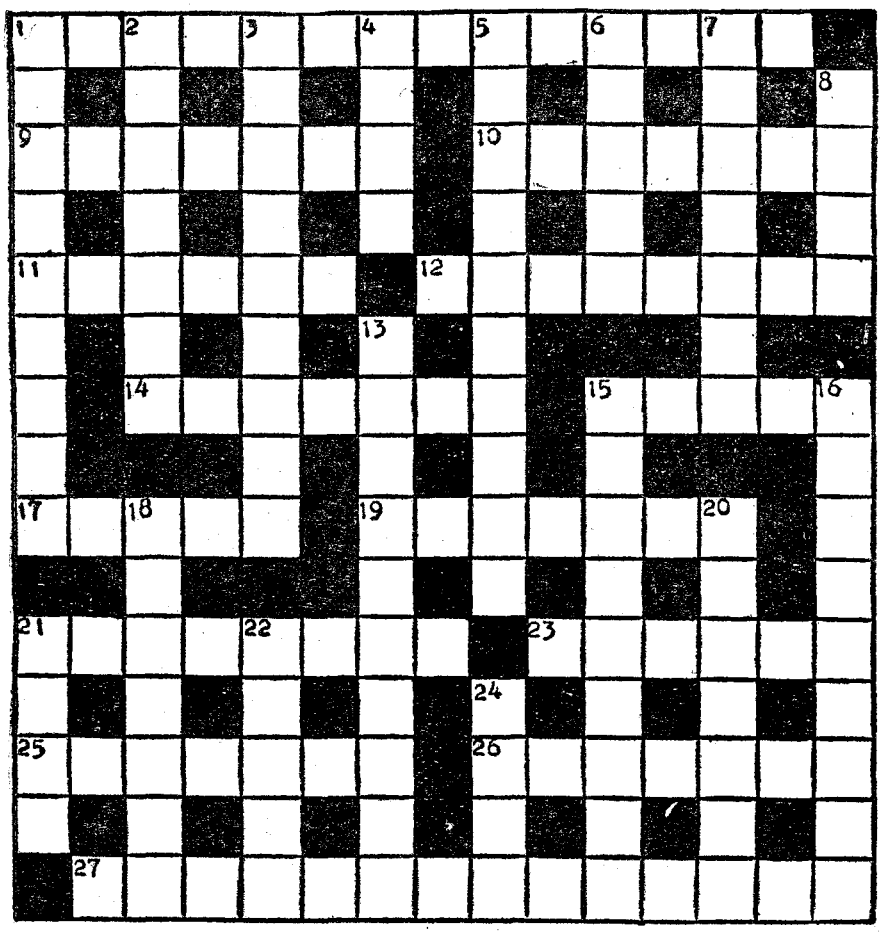
Crossword Puzzle No. 461

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 17. This saw isn't associated with early man. (6, 4, 4, 5)
9 See 22 down.
10 Accompanists? (7)
11 See 21 down.
12 Jalousie might be one of them. (8)
14 Admonition to obstructionists (or those who strike first)? (3, 4)
15 They're sometimes loaded with game. (5)
17 See 1 across.
19 Tiger, in a way, which might be responsible for the "burning bright." (7)
21 Time on your hands? It could prove fruitful. (4, 4)
23 See 3 down.
25. Behaves like a mad dog----and they were in such a barbaric business. (7)
26 A Spanish hero indeed! (His mind's made up.) (7)
27 The smallest amount of grit to the musician might be a peep or a stint. (5, 9)

DOWN

1 It's a good climb for opportunists. (9)
2 Those who make fancy work with rags? (7)
3 and 23. Does it keep things from being on the level in union contracts? (9, 6)
4 Endure, but not proverbially the head of 27. (4)
5 Got a hole in your head? Perhaps the ring-pin is responsible. (10)
6 All quiet in the attic. (5)
7 Is atonal music? (Blame it on the negative atmosphere!) (7)
8 Puts in a questionable way * * * extremely! (4)
13 Toss silica around, but not on the right side. (10)
15 Sealing vessel, as far as its use is concerned! (6, 3)
16 Does a pant hang on each one? (9)
18 Mar. (7)
20 Implying the bell has sounded, but there's time out west for it. (7)
21 and 11. Spoke out when they came in (giving the punsters of the 20's an observation on the lack of lubrication). (4, 6)
22 and 9. Don't crush desserts—performers are fond of them. (5, 7)
24 A study of the gulf, perhaps. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 460

ACROSS:—9 AGAIN; 10 and 23 POINT WITH PRIDE; 11 EGG CUPS; 12 PRUDENT; 13 HATED; 14 MANCHUKUO; 16 RANCHEROS; 18 STEAL; 19 DYSPNEA; 21 BEATS IT; 22 NARCISSUS; 24 BARBER COLLEGE.

DOWN:—1 and 1 across SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD; 2 ORANGUTAN; 3 LANGUID; 4 HOPIS; 5 CLIPPINGS; 6 IN TOUCH; 7 DRIVE; 8 and 14 WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE; 15 KEEPS TIME; 17 HANDIER; 18 SCALPEL; 20 SCRUB; 21 BASIC.

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